



A REVIEW
OF
THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS
OF THE LAST TEN YEARS IN THE LIFE OF
MRS. HANNAH KINNEY:

TOGETHER WITH
SOME COMMENTS UPON THE LATE TRIAL.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

Boston:

J. N. BRADLEY & CO.—16 STATE STREET.

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PREFACE.

Painful as it now seems to me to go into a minute detail of my eventful history for the last ten years, yet I feel bound to forego all that it would seem that my nature requires—rest, tranquility of mind, the comforts of a fireside in a beloved sister's family, (for indeed I have no home of my own)—I say, I feel bound by my duty to my children and my friends, to disregard all that might seem to a congenial spirit desirable, to withdraw from these endearments, to plunge into the past, and to retrace every step in my history, and lay before an excited public an undisguised statement of facts, just as they occurred. In this way I hope to answer the ten thousand inquiries that are constantly made, for the want of that information, which I alone can give. I shall endeavor, in the course of my narrative, to corroborate all the statements that I may make by the most indisputable evidence. And while I go through the painful events of my past life, I hope to be supported by the same unseen hand that carried me through the gloom of four months confinement in a dreary prison. I hope and trust, inadequate as I am, to be able, simply to lay before the reader, the circumstances out of which the horrid suspicions against me, arose. In some instances, as I shall show, these suspicions grew out of sore trials, which one would suppose afflicting enough in themselves, without the addition of false surmises, and false opinions; in some instances, from discrepancies, jealousies, and envyings, which might possibly be connected and painfully linked in with this history, but have never been thought of by those who unfortunately have

had much to do with this whole affair. I cannot think that such feelings as I have heard expressed almost daily, since my acquittal, can afford any comfort or consolation to those who cherish them. I attribute all this, to a want of information, respecting my real history. I would not harbor, (against one of my own sex, especially) an evil thought on any account; although many persons, in my case, have perverted into evil the sincerest acts of the human heart. What would be my condemnation? Would it not be better for us to be the accused, than the accuser? There is but *One* who knows the human heart, after all. Make this our own inquiry, and what will be the answer? Consider the accusation. I feel that though I was not executed, the deed that is now aimed at is quite as criminal. To be killed by piece-meals, is equal to any other way of doing the deed. If we look upon these things as God looks upon them, will not our hearts recoil at it? The idea is, what do you *know*? I hope that in entering upon the painful past, I shall have all that calmness and composure of mind that characterized Ruth of old, and all that firmness and faith in a Saviour's all-sustaining grace. While I feel to love the children of God with the same firmness and fixedness of purpose as she did, I shudder to think what I must say before I get through with the work before me. It is in compliance with the earnest request of my friends, who know how unjustly I have suffered, that I attempt the task. It was proposed to me directly on my being liberated. I then felt unwilling to do it. But as it seems there is no bounds to the desires of some, I may as well show things as they are. I know that many at heart will be glad to know the truth.

REVIEW.

I shall not attempt to say much of my early history, for nothing of interest occurred until I was married. My maiden name was Hannah Hanson. I was born in the town of Lisbon, Me. In my early years, I had often corresponded with my cousin, E. W. Freeman. On hearing that I was to be married to Mr. Witham, he wrote me on the subject. I had hitherto been under the guardian care of my parents, whose great object had been to promote my present and future happiness. Therefore, the energies of my mind, the decision of my judgment, had never been called into action, and I was quite unfit to decide on a matter of so great importance as the one then before me. However, his letter I never answered. This was in September, and in the January following, (1822) I was married at my Father's house, in Portland, Me. We lived on a farm near my Father's. Mr. Witham, was not pleased with a Farmer's life, and went to a country village, in the town of Dover, Me., and with the assistance of my Father commenced the Tanning business. In that he remained a little better than two years. No difficulty with us took place on account of his ill success. He then came to Boston. Here he stopped two years. Occasionally he wrote me, but sent me little or no means for the support of my family. I was obliged to go home to my Father's. He then kept a public house in New Portland. A gentleman stopped there, who was travelling from Boston. My Father made some inquiries, and learned that Mr. Witham, it was supposed, was a single man. This conversation prompted me to come to Boston, to see what our prospects really were. I was disposed to think all was right, until I *knew*. I came here and stopped awhile. He said we would go to house-keeping, but the longer I stopped the more I was disposed to think it was not best, and I did not feel that I could do it. Mr. Witham, told me that the things I had heard of him were true, and he thought any man had a right to live as he had. I told him plainly I should not live with

him again. I was decided upon that point, and have never repented the decision. I spent no time with him at all, after this conversation. I boarded with a Mrs. Arthur, then Mrs. Stone, who was a member of the Baptist Church, in Federal street. Mr. Witham boarded on the same street. The conversation which passed between us, prompted the following letters :

Boston, July 30, 1830.

MRS. HANNAH WITHAM: I received your letter this morning, stating that you had weighed the subject, in your mind, and have concluded not to live with me again. If this is the case, it is different from what you talked of when I saw you. You can do as you please about it, as it is left altogether with you. I will call and see you once more, and you can give a final answer.

From your husband and well wisher,

W. WITHAM.

Boston, August 2d., 1830

To whom it may Concern: I hereby certify that I never left my wife and family in Dover, on account of any misconduct of hers, as has heretofore been reported.

WARD WITHAM.

I was quite undecided for a while whether to remain in the city, or return to my Father's. My own Mother had been dead a number of years; my Father had married again; and I was not disposed to have him support me. My Mother learned me to work when I was quite young, and I have never been happier than when engaged in as much labor as I knew how to accomplish. My children I had made provision for with my Father's brothers; and I was quite at rest as to their every want. With the advice of Mrs. Stone, I complied, and thought it best to remain in the city. I hardly knew what it was best to do, unacquainted as I was with a city life. I attempted different kinds of labor, but that of sewing I felt that I could best succeed in, as I had been used to making clothes. In this I continued until I was married to Mr. Freeman, as is well known to my friends.

It was in July 1830, that I came to Boston. In September of the same year, I met a Mr. Wing, who was a friend of my Father's. He told me he soon expected his wife in Boston, and when she came he wished me to spend much of my time with them. Soon after they arrived, I was taken sick. He introduced me to a physician who always after attended me, and I never employed any other. His name will be mentioned hereafter.

The next Summer, I went to Maine, to see my children. When I returned, I took a room and one apprentice. We worked together, and boarded in the same family. I hired a room of Mrs. Orcutt. The young lady, (my apprentice) afterwards married Mr. Orcutt's son. In March, 1832, I obtained a bill of divorce from Mr. Witham. The family of Mr. Wing, were acquainted with me before my marriage. At the time of my divorce, I assumed my maiden name of Hanson, and my children were also called by that name.

The following Certificate of the Decree of Divorce is copied from the original, now in my possession:

COMMONWEATH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

SUFFOLK AND } ss.
NANTUCKET. }

At the Supreme Judicial Court, began and holden at Boston, within the County of Suffolk, and for the Counties of Suffolk and Nantucket, on the third Tuesday of November, A.D. 1831.

Hannah Witham, Libellant, *vs.* Ward Witham, Respondent, on a libel for Divorce from the Bonds of Matrimony.

I hereby certify, that in the above suit, a Decree of Divorce from the Bonds of Matrimony, was entered on the sixty-second day of said Term, viz: on this, sixth day of February, A.D. 1832, on account of the Adultery of said Ward; together with exclusive custody of the children, to the said Hannah; of which all persons interested are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Attest, JNO. CALLENDER, Clerk.

In the Spring I had a severe sickness, of the scarlet fever and measles. This sickness left me in a feeble state of health, which my physician attributed in part to close attention to my work. The April following, I commenced work for Mrs. H. Rice, Beacon street. With her, and her two sisters, I spent the Summer. Mr. Wing's family left the city, in the Spring of 1832. I missed their society much. I had not been disposed to make my situation a subject of conversation to any one. I lived a retired life. I knew that in all such cases more or less of censure attached to both parties. I did not, nor do I now, wish to implicate any person. I merely wish to show the doings of the Court, and the letters left with me.

The idea that the man from whom I was divorced, was father to my children, was enough for me to be *silent*; that their future course was to be dictated by the principles which are early inculcated, was enough to silence me forever upon the subject, before them. To make the subject one for conversation, is what I have always tried to avoid—for the reason that where there is no fuel, there the fire goeth out.

It was evident that at that time, my feelings on the subject were like the still current that flows on enclosed by a cold, deep body of ice, unaffected by the charms that the world holds out for our enjoyment. This state of mind was easily perceived by those with whom I was conversant. I had nearly a year before this become acquainted with Mr. Kinney. I was introduced to him, and boarded in the same family some little time. He was spoken of very highly by those with whom he was acquainted. A few months after he was introduced to me, he learned, by accident, my situation, and manifested much interest in my welfare. His whole deportment was dignified, amiable and kind. I learned that he was the son of a respected clergyman, and belonged to a highly respectable family. He was that kind of a person who commands the respect and esteem of one in affliction. He used every exertion to disperse the gloom and alleviate the sorrows, which with his discerning mind he would penetrate and search out. He was, with one in whom he took any interest, accessible, dignified, and agreeable. After I had known him a short time, I could consult and converse with him with as much confidence as if he had been my own brother. Unaccustomed as I was to the ways and manners of the city, Mr. Kinney, was to me a valuable friend—such an one as the best person on earth would not blush to own. Mr. and Mrs. Wing, were pleased in his society; and pleased that I had met with one so well calculated to restore me to that degree of cheerfulness which I once enjoyed.

The last of July, I had made preparations to visit again my children. Mr. Kinney said to me, a few days before I was to start, that he was told one of my brothers was at Lowell, and observed that, "Some of us (meaning the people at the store) are going to Lowell on business, this week, and you can go up with us, if you please, and perhaps he will accompany you to Maine." I consulted Mrs. Gilman, (now Mrs. Bates,)—she thought it perfectly proper, and advised me to go with Mr

Kinney to Lowell, and return the same day. We went. On our arrival, Mr. Kinney, went out and found my brother; he came in; Mr. Kinney, attended to his business; my brother and myself walked about town. On our return from the calls we had made, my brother asked me if I knew that my cousin, E. W. Freeman, lived in Lowell. I replied that I did not; the last information I had of him, he was in St. Johns, New Brunswick; and I added, I must see him, before I go home. Mr. Kinney was at the door ready to leave. I said, "My brother will call, and say to my cousin that I am here, before we go." (Previous to this, I had spoken to Mr. Kinney of the interest this cousin and myself had had in each other, before my first marriage.) Mr. Kinney replied, "You had not better stop, I think; you can come up another time." My brother soon returned with a request that I should not leave till I had called, as Mr. Freeman was then sick, and had not left his room for some time. I directly went to his room. As I passed Mr. Kinney and my brother at the door, Mr. Kinney said, "Is Mr. Freeman a married man?" I had not asked the question, nor had I thought of it. The idea of marrying again was not a subject of much thought with myself.

Although I had not seen my cousin for fifteen years, I recognised his countenance very quick. It was an introduction to a *happy* but *painful* acquaintance. It had then been eleven years since I had received his last letter. I had always cherished an agreeable remembrance of him. His letters, too, were calculated to make impressions which time or distance could *never* remove. Although I had not expected, for years, ever to see him again, I had named for him my *only son*—and he now, by Mr. Freeman's dying request, bears his surname. He had not been made acquainted with my situation at that time. Directly after I arrived, he asked me where my husband was—if he was dead. I replied, with a painful heart, "More than dead to me." He was too much overcome, ill in health as he was, to converse on the subject. I was also deeply affected. He wished me not to think of returning that night, and the family where he boarded invited me to stop till morning. Mr. Kinney was sent for, and was also invited to stop till morning. The next day I found myself much more composed, and my cousin better. I then gave him a brief history of the past. He was much affected. "Have you forgotten," said he, "the last letter I ever wrote you?" How could I

answer? I replied, "How can I but remember that which it is impossible to forget? Although in one sense of the word forgotten for years, yet it lives again with feelings unutterable."

I was solicited to stop at his boarding house and make them a visit. My brother had said if I could wait one week, he could go with me to Maine. But I was not prepared to make a visit at Lowell. I thought it was not best—and Mr. Kinney thought so too. I prepared to return. As I was about to leave, Mr. Freeman insisted on a promise that I would return—and as I left him, I said, "I will return." I feared the folks at home would think it strange that I had stayed so long, and Mr. Kinney was desirous to have me return with him. The facilities for travelling between Boston and Lowell, were not then such as they now are.

On our return to Boston, Mr. Kinney said much that made me unhappy. There was in Mr. Kinney a superiority of mind which few attain, by birth or education: of this you will be convinced by his letters, which I shall submit for your perusal. The tenderness of his heart, his ready, active benevolence, and his sympathy with misfortune, were traits in his character spoken of by every body who knew him. Much as Mr. Kinney had done to restore me to my usual cheerfulness; much as I respected him, and under deep obligations as I was to him, for the thousand acts of kindness he had bestowed upon me; I could not wish to marry him, although I encouraged him that my mind might become changed in that respect, as time would probably alleviate the sensitiveness of my feelings on the subject of the sorrows through which I had passed. I was truly affected on being confident of the deep root these hopes had taken in his heart, which I was not aware of till my return from Lowell. I had promised to go back to Lowell, and he knew it. He knew too, my friend's feelings when I left. He told me to go, and ordered a coach to come to the door, to take me back to Lowell. It was the kindlier feelings of his nature that prompted him to do it. How could I but respect such a character? It was with a heavy heart that I left him. I had a *deep* interest in his happiness. It was destroying my own happiness to witness the unhappiness of another.

I arrived at Lowell at 10 o'clock in the morning. My friend had arisen, and was seated by a window which the stages

pass on their way from Boston. They all passed, and he supposed I had not returned. It was not long, however before I arrived. When I was led to his room he had just finished the following lines :

“ I WILL RETURN. ”

Why turns so oft my anxious eye,
To yonder busy street,
To ken each one that passeth by,
Each one my gaze can meet ?
Whom wait I for, these tedious hours,
That slowly, slowly pass ?
As tho' old Time had lost the power
Of making usual haste.
Whom wait I for, with anxiousness,
With throbbing heart and fever'd brow ?
With feelings which I must repress—
For utterance were hopeless *now* !

I wait for one—a friend—yes, *more* !
Who, when on sickness, couch I lay,
Came like an angel, to restore
My spirit's tone—then passed away !

“ *I will return*,” she firmly said,
As from me she withdrew,
Ah ! well my busy thoughts she read,
My inmost heart she knew.

At least she knew that sorrows guise,
Was o'er my spirits flung,
Its fountains washed into my eyes,
Its sounds were on my tongue !

And she *will* come !—her smitten heart
Too well the sorrow knows,
To plant in others' breast the dart
That hath procured her woes !

Come, then, dear H., and joy's bright beam
Shall kindle in mine eye ;
Come ! and e'en hope's departed gleam
Shall rise upon my sky !

Yours, F.

LOWELL, July 26, 1832.

Mr. Freeman's health was much better, and he was able to go out, and visit his people, and attend his meetings, as usual. I enjoyed much in his society while I was at his place. One of the officers of the church, who was a particular friend of his, was very anxious that Mr. Freeman should marry directly. This officer called at the house quite soon, and requested him to see the town clerk upon the subject. We did not think it best to be in haste; not but we were as much decided upon the subject as we ever were; we wished to regard Mr. Kinney's feelings. Soon after this, Mr. Freeman, a young lady who was teaching an infant school in the town, member of the Church and teacher in the Sabbath School, and myself, took tea, by request, at this officer's house. After tea, Mr. Freeman had a call to make on one of the Church, and Mrs. T. was engaged. This man asked Miss M. and myself to take a ride with him. It was a pleasant summer's evening, and we consented and went. Before our return, such was his conduct that I could not consider him a child of God, or a man who was suitable for the station he then filled. I had never witnessed any conduct of the kind before; and I considered it highly unbecoming a man of his age, a married man, and a deacon. Perhaps I looked upon him too severely; if I did I felt too severely, and hope I may be forgiven. It was not long before there was much coolness manifested towards Mr. Freeman by this person, and he soon came out a decided enemy to both of us. Perhaps he felt justified in his conduct towards me, and towards him, but if he was sincere in his designs, it resulted in his misfortune as much as ours. It was soon reported "that Miss Hanson (my maiden name) had been in Lowell before; that it was supposed she was not a proper person for a minister to marry;" and one suspected one thing, and another heard another, and so it went on. One thing after another prevented my brother from leaving, to go with me to Maine and I was persuaded to stop, and was at Mrs. D's, where Mr. Freeman boarded, more than two weeks. The members of the family were particularly intimate with the family of the Deacon above mentioned. Mrs. D. reported that "Mr. Freeman was too partial to Miss Hanson; and she was not the woman after all, for him; that she had been divorced, and had a family; and that she was engaged to another person; (and all these things came up according to the natural course of things in view of existing circumstan-

ces.) These things in themselves were trying enough to us, without having anything unusual connected with them. With all the pride of the human heart, one would suppose it was quite mortifying to us. And we felt, also, with all the wisdom and prudence that could characterize our course, the cause of Christ must suffer—individuals must suffer—unless we could show that these imputations were unjustly fixed upon us. In making my statements I have in all cases calculated to bring proof to confirm what I say—but in the case of the Deacon, no one knew of this matter but myself, and he who cannot now testify. I never mentioned the circumstances to any person but my husband; and no evidence can now be obtained except at the judgement, when all secrets must be revealed.

I returned to Boston and found Mr. Kinney in low spirits. Mr. Freeman wrote him, and they corresponded frequently. I went to Maine. While I was there Mr. Freeman wrote to me, and continued to write to me until we were married. The following letters, selected from some two or three hundred in my possession, will show the character of the correspondence, and the manner in which this whole affair was conducted.

LOWELL, Tuesday, Aug. 31, 1832. }
One o'clock P. M. }

Were you here, Cousin H., at this hour, it is quite likely I should sit down and converse with you for a few moments; but as you are not here, I shall just spend these few leisure moments in writing you. Why should I not write you? I used to write you in earlier years, when with us life was new; its morning was shedding upon us its cloudless beams; when we thought that in every appearance there was *reality*, and that in every smile there was *sincerity*; when we scarcely knew that man could deceive, and that the world held forth to us a thousand promises which it never would perform; then occasionally by letter, we interchanged those sentiments of friendship which throbbed in our hearts. But those days have gone by—they have forever departed—and the returnless tide of time has swept us far along towards the termination of the voyage of life. After a long interval we have met. Oh, how singular have been the events of Divine Providence! I sometimes sit me down, and am lost in thought while musing upon the mournful history of the past. I think of *your* sorrows; of

the tears you have shed ; I think of the hours of your loneliness ; of the feelings of desolation which came over your heart ; I think of every occurrence ; I know not what to do ; my brain throbs and becomes bewildered ! Do not misunderstand me, Hannah : my feelings by intense thinking, have become exceedingly agitated. But I will now dismiss all remembrances of the past ; all recollections of what can give only pain, and I will turn mine eye to the future. But, ah ! what is there ? What characters are down on the page of to-morrow, who can tell ? The spectre of uncertainty bends over the whole future of life. It brings its shadows all along the way we go. What sorrow is to be the portion of our cup we know not. What years of happiness are to be ours, we cannot know. It may not be one—it may be many. All is uncertainty.

“ Poor wanderers of a stormy day
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
But dimly light the troubled way,
There's nothing true but Heaven ! ”

Well, let us then rejoice that there is in the Universe of God one bright spot, one place to which all who are the children of God, by adoption and by practice, may with confidence hope to arrive, when the storms of life are over. Oh Hannah ! shall it not be our unceasing exertion to prepare for that blest abode ? Oh, it is an eternal state—a state that shall never end ! Oh, be unwilling to be a single moment without a firm, a good hope of entering upon all the joys of Heaven when you die.

4 1-2 P. M. I have just returned from the funeral of Mr. Mansur's child. He was a little boy, ten months old. I felt quite sad at the funeral. I thought there was in that coffin an emblem of all our joys. How soon they wither ! But, blessed be God ! there are joys above that never decay ! Hannah, how are you getting along, all this long day ? Are you lonesome ? Are you thinking of Lowell ? I presume you are. But my Dear H. I must stop. I have promised to go to Dea. T——'s to tea. I don't care about going *so early as I did once*. Never mind ; I'm so lonesome I don't know what to do. But I shall get well to work, to-morrow, and drive it all off. Do you believe that ?

LOWELL, Saturday evening, }
 September 15, 1832. }

I have just been reading the last letter received from my dear Hannah. After reading that letter, knowing that at this hour she is upon the ocean, I opened my window, and looked out upon the sky. O, has the eye of Hannah gazed upon those dark clouds in the West, upon which I have been looking? Has she looked upon that bright star, farther at the South? Has she thought of my lonely room? I trust that she has. May Heaven bless her! O that I could know at this hour, what she is doing—and *thinking at this moment!*

A few moments before 10. The tones of the bell, striking ten, produce in my soul a thrilling emotion. At this moment Hannah is at the throne of grace. There I can meet her. O for a spirit of prayer! After prayer, I read a hymn, at her request—210—

“Oh happy day, when we shall meet

To part no more—the thought is sweet!”

Now, I retire. Hushed be the winds, and stilled the ocean waves, while H. is on her way to Portland.

Sabbath morning, sunrise. O yonder sun comes up beautifully and majestically! Arise, Son of Righteousness, upon the soul of H., upon the souls of multitudes to-day. Enjoyed much in prayer alone in my study this morning. Oh how sweet to draw near to God. Let me ever do it—may H. ever do it.

Sabbath morning 8 o'clock. In family prayer, this day, in which Dea. Rugg led, I felt a tenderness of soul which I know not how to describe. Tears flowed, especially when they sung the 83d Hymn, “While thee I seek protecting power.” Oh how full was my heart. I came into my study lonely indeed.

12 o'clock, Noon. I have preached this forenoon to a full house. Text, Isaiah, 50ch. 8v., “He is near that justifieth me, who will contend with me?” This text is found in “Daily Food,” under date of September 15th—the day you left. Read it—will you? What a pressure of sorrow is now upon my soul! What a wilderness is this world! Sweet religion, be thou my solace!—pour thy pure influence into my soul, and that we may be eternally saved,—and may our future life be one of purity and happiness. Dear H. Where are you to-day?

Lord's day Eve. Hannah, my dear cousin, I have received no letter from you since you left. Yet I will believe that she for whom I feel an interest more deep and more intense than I ever did for any other being; she, for whom my prayers daily go up to God, has not forgotten me. Oh how sombre are these autumnal scenes! the glories of summer have departed; Autumn now fades upon the plain, in the garden, and in the grove. The leaves wither—the flowers have perished. But what are these to the withering, the ruin, of the flowers of hope! But, blessed be God! there are flowers that do not wither—hopes that do not perish. Oh, may such hopes, and such joys be possessed by each of us, dear H.

You go my dear friend, to the place of your birth,
To the spot where your young years were happily spent,
But, oh! that lone visit will partake not of mirth,
But with sorrow's rude hand your heart may be rent.

For though o'er the scenes of life's early dawn,
Your eye and your mem'ry may rapidly rove,
Yet the friends who were once on the spot will be gone,
In vain shall you search for the dear ones you love.

'The mother who watched o'er your infantile years,
Who rejoiced, in yourself, *her image* to see,
She hath left you alone, in this valley of tears,
From the sorrows of earth her lov'd spirit is free!

I see you, at twilight, all sad and alone,
While the night dews descend on the place where she lies,
In sorrow to bend o'er the stone of her tomb,
While the warm gush of grief falls fast from your eyes.

The following is one of my own letters, written to Mr. Freeman at this period:

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 16, 1832.

DEAR COUSIN: I have just arrived at our friend Mr. Trull's in Portland. We had a very pleasant passage. I thought much of you as I passed off from our city. The tide rolled quite rapidly, but our noble steam-ship moved majestically onward through the eddies and whirlpools that are always boiling and bubbling about, making a deal of noise. She moved on calmly and steadily through, as if the waters were untrou-

bled. Should it not be so with us, through the voyage of life? We too much heed the calamities, dear E., which surround us. Who knows but the very *trials* through which we have to pass, will prepare us for that eternal state of rest? These darkly rising waves of sorrow may bear us on more speedily to that glorious consummation. While I passed on, I could not but think of the beautiful lines of the poet:

“Dark is the storm-beaten mariner’s way,
As o’er the bosom of ocean he glides;
But darker the storms of life’s fleeting day,
And colder the chill that hangs o’er its tides.”

It was about sunrise when we reached this city. Our friends here are all well, and make many kind inquiries for you. I wish you were here, and it was yourself I were to hear preach to-day. But I will be content. Before this you are preparing for the duties of the present day. The hour of *ten* last night, while I was upon the ocean, was one of *deep interest*. Did you read? Would that my eye could run over the same words that your’s did. But ’tis all in vain. I must now prepare for church. To-morrow I shall leave for Windham.

Dear Freeman—the day is past; I see you in your study alone, sitting by that window, leaning your throbbing head upon that white hand, full of thought. Is not your fond spirit hovering around me while I write? I think so. I am sitting by the window, looking out upon the street. Here is where you once sat, writing to me.

Dear Cousin—If I live till to-morrow, I shall see my children. Will you forget to pray for me, while I am so far from you? I am sad, but not unhappy. The kind assurance you have given me, of your deep interest in my lonely situation, makes life sweet. The thought that one so kind careth for me, prepares me to buffet the ills of life with a firmness of purpose which no trial can divert me from. Now it is near *ten*. Adieu to thee, Sabbath eve.

Windham, Tuesday eve, Sept. 18. I have met again my dear boy. He is well. I can see in him a likeness of him for whom he was named. Don’t laugh at me; it is true. All are well. To-morrow I take the stage, and go to New Portland.

New Portland, Sept. 30. Dear Cousin—I am now under my paternal roof. Now that I have strayed this long way

alone, I have had no kind companion by my side, and do you know the joy of this travelling? I am now all anxiety to hear from you. Have you been directing to me your thoughts since I last saw you? O yes! methinks you have. I am now amid the scenes of my childhood. I have smiled and wept alternately, as the scenes of departed days have come up before me. My dear father is more than companionless. There comes to the heart a strong and strange feeling. The hour is near, set apart to visit the grave of my mother. Oh my mother! the fond recollection of one hour spent with her, all that was dear in childhood, I then enjoyed. The fondness of parental affection, how dear to my heart! I cannot tell thee all my heart feels or suffers. I have stood beside the grave of my mother—she with whom I have walked and talked—from her lips have fallen sweet counsel—from her I have listened to the plaintive strain, when we have spoken of days gone by—we have smiled when we thought or spoke of the pleasant, have sighed when we thought of the sad. But my dear friend—thou of the sombre brow—could I see thee, I would tell thee more. But carry this with you when you stray beside your Merrimac stream; and when your spirit is soothed by the moving of the waters, and your feelings of anxiety for your beloved people are lulled to quietude, draw from your hat this dull epistle, and when seated on that moss-covered stone, a fragment of other days, read the words of your absent friend. I would I could tell you all my heart feels at this hour—about sunset. You know the *hour* and the *place* when you told the feelings of your soul to her who now writes you. Joy then sat upon thy brow, though the tear was in thine eye. My heart was then gladdened—since, it has been made desolate. On my head the tempest has spent its fury, and anguish has wrung my heart. I know thou wouldst bid me rise and rejoice again, and heaven would bless me. My heart would no longer sorrow or rejoice *alone*. Oh thou, whose whole soul is affection, how gladly would I remove every obstacle which makes us sad. We will hope that we may yet be joyful. You will not go, all desolate and lonely, down to the shades of darkness. I have sometimes felt since I saw you, that I did not exist in a fanciful world. I walk forth pensive and alone as if I were on the confines of another world. With a feeling of deep soberness, a voice seems to whisper within, man has no home this side the moon, and my spirit mounts up beyond

this world, and contemplates the joys of that better sphere, where change is no more and sorrow cometh not, where the weary and way-worn are at rest. We shall meet there.

I look, every mail, for a letter, and shall write no more till I hear from you. From your friend,

HANNAH HANSON.

LOWELL, March 6, 1833.

My Dear Cousin—How often I think of the letter I wrote to you years ago, beginning it as I do to write you now. Well, I wrote *then*, as I felt, and so I do now, though my feelings now are quite different from what they were then. *Then* there was a *spark* of affection, deep in my soul; *now* it is kindled to a flame. But hush—I must not thus write. Your last two letters forbid it. I have been brooding over them this morning. I am convinced my dear Hannah, that your feelings have been changed. You request all your letters—*all* of them! You close the letters without even saying anything more than “good bye.” In these letters there is not one expression of endearment, or scarcely one. Really, really, this seems to speak to me in language too plain to be misunderstood—But yet I cannot realize it. I will *not* believe it. I do not think that I am entirely out-rooted from your affections, though all these things seem to indicate it. Still, my dear, do not our hearts throb in unison of feeling? I *do* believe it. But if I am presuming too much, I beg pardon for this letter. I shall probably be at your place on Saturday next. Good bye, dearest one.

LOWELL, Sabbath Eve. }
Feb. 17th, 1833. }

My Dear Cousin—Another Sabbath day has gone. How have you spent it? But I need not ask, for I quite despair of hearing from you again. Something, I am well aware, more than common, has taken place. *What* it is, I am left to torture myself in endeavoring to conjecture. But it is all in vain—I leave it. The hallowed hour of *ten* has gone by. I hope that your “company” has ere this left you to be alone, to hold communion with your Maker and Redeemer. Now, I must bid you good night—still hoping that you do not *entirely* forget your affectionate cousin, E.

Monday, P. M. Dear Cousin, *perhaps* I take the pen now to address you for the last time. *Something*, I am per-

suaded, is amiss. What, I know not. Not a syllable from you for so long a time! I do not chide. Perhaps you are sick. But if so, will no one write for you? Hannah, be humble, be pious, God bless you! Adieu.

Monday Eve, 11 o'clock. Well, my dear cousin, my letter box, when I went to the office, to-night, did not look so *desolate* as it has this long time. *Your letter was there!* It came unexpectedly. I went up, thinking all the way along, "there will be no letter from H." But I was disappointed—how *happily* I need not tell you. I cannot tell how I came to get so feverishly excited about you. I leave it all, and can now say, many, very *many* thanks for the kind letter. I will just refer to some things you wrote. One thing I do not comprehend. You say, "I am getting to be quite philosophical about writing to you; I do not wish to go about courting people," &c. &c. Now my dear will you not just explain this?

While I was at Portland and Windham, with my children, Mr. Kinney wrote the following letter to my father. I never saw it, until after Mr. Kinney died, when I found the copy with my father's answer:

BOSTON, August 17, 1832.

Respected Sir:

I must apologise for writing one whom I have never seen, one of senior years and superior wisdom. But I hope, kind sir, you will freely forgive the abruptness, when I tell you it is from motives as pure as the esteem I bear towards her who prompts me to write to you. Perhaps you are aware that I wrote you a line about six months since. At that time I had much interest in the welfare of Hannah, but did not dare to indulge it, for I feared she would never think of changing her situation. Those feelings I kept aloof, waiting for time to accomplish all—trusting to him who holds the destiny of all creatures in his hands. Since I wrote you, I have conversed with Hannah much upon the subject, and have thought the time might come when we might be *one*. Hannah expressed some feelings similar to these in a letter to you some time since, as she told me, to which she has received no answer, though she has long and anxiously looked for one, with an expression of your feelings on the subject. She has delayed writing again. I was desirous of sending a letter and have attempted it myself. She has left the city, (drawn by the ten-

der ties which bind a parent to their child). She left on Saturday last, at 4 o'clock, in the Steamboat for Portland. May He ever protect her, and return her safe to her friends. I trust she feels to place her confidence in something beyond the engagements of this life, and may kind Heaven grant that no *trials* may divert her mind from that interesting subject which she seems to enjoy so much. She wished I might write you, and I felt it a duty I owed all concerned, for I did not wish her friends to think I was disinterested. Should you not think it right, please to forgive. I hope I have a heart to forsake the evil. Will you be so kind as to write me, on the receipt of this, which will much alleviate my feelings. Pardon the liberty which I have taken in writing, and accept my best wishes for your happiness.

Your obedient servant,

G. T. KINNEY.

I had written my father on the subject before I went to Lowell. I wished some advice from him; but as he had given some advice before, he did not wish to give it in this case decidedly. The following is the substance of my father's answer :

Dear Sir : In answer to yours of the 17th, I would observe that I am deeply interested in the welfare of my children, and am ready and willing to assist and advise in any thing that will benefit them, so far as it may be in my power. Since my daughter has been in Boston, she has written me several times, and to all her letters I have made immediate reply. Some time after she wrote that she was divorced, she wrote me a letter, which you probably refer to. I have delayed answering her on the subject. I have had some information by a Mr. Smith of this town whose sons live in Boston, of your character, and should be happy to have a correspondence with you. And this is my feeling, that Hannah should be capable of choosing for herself. If you should think best that a connection should take place between you, I have no objection. I wish her to marry, if at all, a worthy man. Hannah is a proud-spirited, good-hearted, capable person; willing to do her part towards getting a living. She has seen trouble by being connected with a person whom she is clear off. Some have taken up on one side, and some on the other, as is the case in all such difficulties—some will try to injure the character on

one side, and some on the other. Hannah was never known to be a slanderer, but generally keeps her thoughts and feelings to herself in regard to persons. I am glad she succeeded in getting a bill of divorce, as well as in securing the care of her three children. They all have good places, and I hope they may stay where they are. If you should be connected, we should be happy to have a visit from you. If I should converse with you on the subject, I could communicate more to you than I can now on paper; being as I am in haste, and must close.

Yours truly,

N. HANSON.

On my return from Maine, I took with me my eldest daughter. I went to Mrs. Arthur's, at South Boston—the lady that I boarded with when I first came to the city, in 1830. I then hired a room of Mrs. Flynn, and her daughter Mary worked with me. I attended the Baptist meetings at South Boston, and became much interested in them. I conversed with Mrs. Arthur on the subject of being baptized. We attended the church meetings, and I finally decided to relate the exercises of my mind on the subject of religion, before the church. Miss Mary Flynn related her experience on the same evening; the usual inquiries were made, and we were received, and the next Sabbath were baptized by Mr. Neale. Before we received the hand of fellowship, Miss M., the young lady mentioned before, (who went with me to ride with the Deacon) came to Mrs. Flynn's, and said that my conduct was such at Lowell that they had no fellowship with me, and it would not do to receive me to the church. Mr. Neale spoke to me on the subject, and I declined receiving the hand of fellowship, until the matter was satisfactorily explained. A person now in this city will testify that Miss M., on her way from Lowell to Boston, at that time, said she should prevent me from receiving the hand of fellowship if she could possibly do it. The name of this person can be given, if requested. I deign to speak of these things. No doubt this is a good sister, and never thought for a moment what a train of such insinuations might result. I wish not to be uncharitable, but in giving a full statement of these things, I wish to show from whence the suspicions against me originated. While I was at Mr. Doane's, no doubt I appeared much more fond of Mr.

Freeman than this young lady would, if her affections were reciprocated by his. But I always act toward people as I feel, and I wish them to do the same. I loved my cousin all that I could love him, and that was not as much as I wished to do; and it would have been very strange if we had not appeared childish. No doubt our feelings of attachment were often improperly expressed, considering our situation; but I believe from my heart the saying is true, that "they who know no wrong suspect none."

Mr. Freeman, on hearing that I had been baptized, wrote me the following letter:

LOWELL, Tuesday Eve. Nov. 20, 1832.

My Dear Cousin:

Can it be possible! Have you really followed the footsteps of your blessed Redeemer, and have you been buried by baptism in the likeness of his death? And was last Lord's day, the day when you thus went forward in obedience to your Saviour's command? Why my dear Cousin, had I *known* it, I would have been there by all means. Nothing should kept me away from witnessing the solemn scene — and if it might have been granted, O with what joy should I have led you down the banks of the baptismal Jordan. My dear H., you did not tell me that *you* thought of being baptised, when you wrote. You only said the ordinance was to be administered. O I wish I had known it. But then, I think on the whole, it is all for the best. No doubt it is. But *is* it so? My glad eyes can scarcely believe what you write.

But it *is* so. Well, my dear *sister*, I will *now* call you, may God enable you to go on your way rejoicing, and ever keep *your* mind.

Since writing the above, I have been to one of the boarding houses and preached a sermon from the words of the Psalmist: "Give me understanding and I shall live." It has been a solemn meeting. The clock is now striking 10. Well, I shall sit up but a few moments longer. I love to write to you, you *know* I do. Well, Cousin Hannah, now that you have become a public professor of the religion of Jesus, O may you be enabled by grace, to honor that profession by a holy life. I do believe, and O I rejoice in the belief, that God will enable you to.

FREEMAN.

This letter was in answer to a *report* in Lowell, that originated from R. L. Hastings, that I *never* had been baptized.

DORCHESTER, Jan. 20th. 1837.

Beloved Sister : The same hour in which I received your letter, I will hasten to answer the same, with much pleasure. I rejoice to hear that you have enjoyed yourself, as well as you have, since your widowhood. The Scriptures are full of encouragement to you, and you have a double portion of promises from Heaven, both for yourself and children; and I have often thought, if all widows had such precious promises, how much had widows indeed; especially those that had been the wives of God's faithful servants.

I was greatly surprised, as well as deeply grieved, to hear that the veracity of your profession should be disputed. I am happy to testify to the enquiry, (if any are disposed to make it,) that after becoming acquainted with Miss Hannah Hanson, and being satisfied with her christian experience, her life being answerable to that, which she expressed, *grace* had done for her, I was the joyful beholder of seeing her buried with Christ in baptism, by Rollins Neale, in South Boston, on the first Sabbath in November, 1832. But on account of some enem, (Miss M., before mentioned) she quietly submitted to not receiving the hand of fellowship from that Church.

FANNY G. FLINN.

Time passed on, and in the winter following, I came into the city again to live, and took with me a Miss Caroline Eveleth, a member of the South Boston Church. She stayed with me during the Spring and Summer months.

I hired a house in Friend street Place. When I returned to Boston, I attended the Federal street Church. Mr. Freeman called on me occasionally, as any other friend. My brother and sister boarded with me during the following Summer. I had at this time a number of apprentices that were also boarders. They are now most of them residents of the city. Not a stain was ever found upon their characters, to my knowledge; nor did I ever know of any intentions of wrong *suspected* by one of them of me. They have been questioned respecting me, and I am willing to have them questioned again, and will give their names if requested.

In the Winter of 1833, Miss Abigail Kinney, (now Mrs.

Herford) sister of my late husband, spent the Winter in our family. She was in the city about six months. Her brother often called and spent the evening. In the Spring of the same year, I broke up house-keeping, and made preparations to go to Lowell to reside. Miss Kinney had gone home, and every thing between Mr. Freeman and Mr. Kinney, was agreeable. Mr. Freeman always called on Mr. Kinney when he came to the city, and the letters which I shall introduce will show the feelings of Mr. F. towards him.

From the time of my first visit to Lowell, there had been a secret influence in operation, got up by the Church officer of whom mention has been made before, among a few of the most influential men in the Church, to injure Mr. Freeman. In March, 1833, a meeting of the Proprietors of the house was held to arrange their business for the coming year. That was the time they were accustomed to settle upon the salary. There were but a few persons at the Meeting, and indeed but few persons knew of it. They then voted that the avails of the pew rents, should be taken from the salary of the Minister and devoted to other purposes. Mr. Freeman was not informed of this fact, until he called for his quarter's salary. He then felt it was best for him to think of leaving. He had frequent calls at other places. He accordingly wrote a letter, and had it read to the Church and congregation, expressing his feelings upon this subject. A Committee was chosen to call upon him, and request him to withdraw his letter; and the next Sabbath a vote was taken on the question of his leaving or remaining, and he was requested to remain, by a nearly unanimous vote. Three disaffected families only voted against him; and what they were disaffected at no one knows. When these persons found that he was yet to remain with them, they took up the subject of his intention to marry an improper person. They said I was a divorced woman; then, that I had a family; that I was previously engaged; and tried all they could to make me out an improper character. This Deacon made a friend of Mr. Kinney, as I will show by a letter from Mr. Freeman to Mr. Kinney, and tried to excite him, to injure Mr. Freeman.

LOWELL, March 12, 1834.

MR. KINNEY: *Dear Sir*—I write a line just to say that an answer to my last I have thus far waited for somewhat anxiously,

but in vain. Need I again assure you, that the event which has been the subject of one or two of our last letters; it was the remotest thing on earth from *me* to do you the least injury of feeling. If unwarily I did so I regret it most deeply. I did *hope* my last would give entire satisfaction that I designed nothing amiss. I *certainly* did not. But *from conversation which you had with a gentleman of this town at Nashua*, I am led to fear that you still feel dissatisfied, at least in some measure. I can only say, my dear Sir, I regret sincerely and *deeply*, that you should harbor a single unpleasant feeling. Allow me also to say, that this state of things seems to me to be most unhappyfying and distressing, at least, to one. On that account, for the sake of peace—of life—I do deem it *most* important that matters should be put to rest in some peaceful way; and in such way too, as not to be liable to interruption. For such an arrangement, I think pity and humanity, plead. Allow me to hope, my dear Sir, a full disclosure of your feelings, and your intentions, in answer to this

I yet speak of you and think of you, be assured, in no other terms than as a friend, and one for whom I am conscious of feeling a warm interest. But still allow me to say, I hope the confidence and love reposed in you, will not be in any respect betrayed. My letters to you, have been written in a free and careless manner. I will not believe that you will exhibit them. *The one you read to my friend of this town, perhaps might as well have been suppressed.* I rely on your generous friendship, and your assertions. May Heaven bless you is my most earnest prayer. In great haste, this is written. Please excuse.

And believe me, as ever, yours

FREEMAN.

The last time I heard from our friend H., which was, I believe, on Monday, she was about as usual, not *very* well.

Things finally came to such a pass that a Committee was chosen to investigate the charges, and the following is the result of the inquiry:

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

The Committee appointed by the First Baptist Church in Lowell, to investigate the nature and origin of certain reports in circulation, prejudicial to the character and usefulness of

Rev. E. W. Freeman, beg leave to report, that the Committee *fully* and *unanimously* prepared to state, upon the whole, that we see no substantial reason to implicate the moral character of the Rev. Enoch W. Freeman, in this whole affair. His course has been free, open, and undisguised, and subject to the inspection of all persons, in those families, where he or Mrs. Hanson, (the lady to whom he is engaged) have resided. There has been a carelessness, in their general appearance and conduct, which may be, and doubtless has been, construed to their disadvantage. This, however, is in some degree natural, and is probably increased by an absent mindedness in him, and a multiplicity of business, and ministerial and parochial cares; and on her part, to the afflictions through which she has past. As no charge of immorality has been presented against Rev. E. W. Freeman, we are confident that no charge of this description can be sustained against him in these affairs. We have felt, and still continue to feel, the fullest confidence in his christian and ministerial qualifications and character. And we sincerely and deeply lament that these things have occurred at this time, to disturb his peace and injure his usefulness. We trust after this full examination, every thing will return to its wonted course, and a calm ensue. So far as our instructions required, we investigated the course pursued by Mrs. Hanson, and were happy to learn that she bore the character of an industrious, kind, and moral woman, possessing a good disposition, and a strong attachment to her intended husband. Her religious character we had no opportunity of learning.

Your Committee feel that it is due to the Charlestown brethren and friends, to state that they are perfectly satisfied of their strong attachment to the precious cause of Christ, and their ardent desire to promote its best interests. That they have done all in their power to have the whole business conducted in the best possible manner agreeably to the Gospel of Christ. They merit the thanks of the Committee, the parties concerned, and the brethren and friends in Lowell, for the affectionate and kind attention paid to this subject during the investigation.

Your Committee in closing this report, would further state that they wish those brethren, who appointed them to this service, to examine the facts, circumstances, and evidences, in the case, for themselves, and in company with others, either

but in vain. Need I again assure you, that the event which has been the subject of one or two of our last letters; it was the remotest thing on earth from *me* to do you the least injury of feeling. If unwarily I did so I regret it most deeply. I did *hope* my last would give entire satisfaction that I designed nothing amiss. I *certainly* did not. But *from conversation which you had with a gentleman of this town at Nashua*, I am led to fear that you still feel dissatisfied, at least in some measure. I can only say, my dear Sir, I regret sincerely and *deeply*, that you should harbor a single unpleasant feeling. Allow me also to say, that this state of things seems to me to be most unhappyfying and distressing, at least, to one. On that account, for the sake of peace—of life—I do deem it *most* important that matters should be put to rest in some peaceful way; and in such way too, as not to be liable to interruption. For such an arrangement, I think pity and humanity, plead. Allow me to hope, my dear Sir, a full disclosure of your feelings, and your intentions, in answer to this

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The Council, after a patient hearing of the matter, came to a conclusion harmonizing with that of the committee, and adopted the following resolutions, viz :

Resolved, That the Council have attended to the reports that have been circulated, implicating the moral character of Rev. Mr. Freeman, and that so far as they have had opportunity of examining them, in their opinion they have not been sustained.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing, signed by the chairman and secretaries, be furnished to the Rev. Mr. Freeman, with one copy to the church.

Done at a meeting of the Ecclesiastical Council, called by the First Baptist Church in Lowell, held at the house of Mr. Tapley, September 15th and 16th, 1834.

(Signed) CYRUS PITT GROSVENOR, Moderator.

JONATHAN ALDRICH, } Secretaries.
JOHN W. VALENTINE, }

The Rev. Henry Jackson, of Charlestown, wrote to Mr. Freeman on this subject as follows :

CHARLESTOWN, JUNE 12, 1834.

My Dear Bro'.—For your sake, and the cause's sake, I requested Deac. Foster's wife, in company with Mrs. Judkins, to go into Boston and investigate the whole matter. Yesterday they went into Boston, and I believe they were thorough. They saw Esq. Harrington, Dr. Choate, Rice, Holman, and I know not how many others. Mrs. Foster says her impression is *that she is an innocent woman, so far charges are concerned, and that is my opinion, and the opinion of Mrs. Jackson also. The friends yesterday afternoon all thought so likewise.* I believe your way is now clear, so far as reports go. It is to be lamented that this affair was not investigated long ago. It would have saved much trouble. If you intend to marry, the sooner the better. I rejoice in this investigation. Should you be united, may you see many happy and prosperous days. The Lord bless you, my Brother, and make you prudent, yet open and faithful. What say about Detroit? I think on the whole you had better go there and visit with Miss H. as your wife forthwith.

As ever, your affectionate Brother.

HENRY JACKSON.

To Rev. E. W. FREEMAN, Lowell.

CHARLESTOWN, June 17, 1834.

My Dear Brother : As you have been aware, some anxiety has existed in this place respecting your proposed marriage ; occasioned by the report that every thing was not as it should be on the part of the object of your choice.

I did not feel that we had a right to interfere with your domestic arrangements, unless a moral question were involved. From what I heard a few days since, I supposed that that question did actually exist. I felt it my duty, consequently, to give some attention to it. You will excuse the liberty I have taken, and if you deem it unwarrantable, you must place it to my account, to be settled if ever in my power. The cause was suffering among us, and required prompt attention. I therefore requested two persons to go into the city and make a thorough investigation of the whole affair, and determined to communicate to you the result of their observations and inquiries. In the judgment and prudence of these persons I had the fullest confidence, and believed that all our friends exercised or would exercise the same. They went into Boston on Wednesday last, and visited all persons that knew any thing about the affair, both those who were favorably disposed and those who had intimated things unpleasant and unprejudicial. On their return on that evening Mrs. Jackson and myself, met them at the house of a friend, together with persons with whom your friend had boarded in the city. The result is, "We believe Miss Hanson, to be a virtuous and innocent woman, and that though there may have been some imprudence at some times, occasioned by circumstances, in which she did not act as she would probably conduct, if the scene were to be acted over ; yet she is in our opinion suffering unjustly." Miss Hanson has since made some communications, which have thrown light on those circumstances. I have seen that Committee again to-day, and after thinking about the whole matter since, their decision has been strengthened, and they feel a full persuasion as to its correctness. Of course, I have nothing to say about your judgment in the choice of an individual situated as Miss Hanson—being divorced—though I believe from what I know that a divorce is sanctioned and authorized by the law of God and of man, and do not perceive why you may not marry her *without sin*, as any other person. This matter after these suggestions I leave.

It gives me pleasure to assure you, that my own mind is entirely relieved in the case and that I shall not regret, under present circumstances, to hear of your union whenever you judge it expedient. In which case may the blessing of a kind Heaven rest upon you.

My kind regards to our Lowell friends, in which Mrs. J. unites.

If I have erred in this case forgive me. Love promoted my course.

Your old friend,

HENRY JACKSON.

To Rev. E. W. FREEMAN.

The Deacon who has been so frequently alluded to, in this narrative, repeated far and wide, that Mr. Kinney was an injured man, &c. I shall insert several letters written by Mr. Kinney to Mr. Freeman and myself, to refute these statements.

In charity for the Deacon I will say, however, that I have no doubt, in my own mind, that Mr. Kinney said many things in an excited moment that he was sorry for afterwards, and would not have said in any other but an excited state — and perhaps it was when excited by other causes than what any of us dreamed of at that time — as a personal knowledge afterwards convinced me that he was excited many times, as some very respectable men are apt to be, by improper causes. These letters, it will be seen by their date, were written just before we were married.

FRIDAY EVE., BOSTON, July 25, 1841.

Friend Hannah:

“Say not, 'tis a stranger rude
Who thus unbidden dares intrude.”

For some length of time, a series of events have been accumulating, which have tended to throw a shade over the fond hopes that once beamed o'er the dark hours of the one who now writes you. The circumstances that first led to any reciprocity of feeling, I need not repeat, they are still in friendship's recollection, and though the circling of those hours were dim'd by anxiety and care, the slight mist that lowered around those hours of care, was but a strong incentive to manifest the

strong solicitude I then felt in your present and future welfare. Each day served but to rivet the chain the *high* respect I entertained for you had forged. But in an unexpected *hour*, the chain that bid defiance to time, was snapped, shewing to the world its severed fragments. In this gloom, hope shone upon the shadows of futurity like the sun on the morning mist. The impressions I received in my early acquaintance with you were not eradicated. The deed seemed to be of heavenly origin, and no design of yours. Providence has changed the tide of our affairs, and drove us thus far before the *storm*, and while you think it rude, know that God "tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," and though the morning of life has been overcast with clouds, the meridian may break through the dark vista, and the remainder of your days may be clear, serene, and calm as the sun on the peaceful bosom of the ocean. In this, *friend H.*, I do not design to censure you, or murmur at fate, but to congratulate you on the success that attends you — for

"He basely injures Friendship's sacred name,
Who reckons not himself and friend the same."

In meeting with those friends who have it in their power to alleviate the ills of life to a much greater extent than would have been in my control, thereby extending your means of usefulness, which I well *know* your kind heart will prompt you to do, your happiness will ever be a subject of lively interest to *me*, and nothing will enhance it more than to pursue the path which wisdom shall direct — but

"If good we plant not, vice will fill the mind,
And weeds take up the place for flowers designed."

I hope the choice blessings of Heaven may be merited and received by you, and yours. But should friends prove *false* or fortune *fickle*, my friendship you shall ever share, and the pittance Heaven may bestow upon me. I hope my treatment has been such as to claim a (proper) share of your friendship, but should ever a different feeling arise, let it be hushed in the recollection, that the *reason* should be a sufficient apology for the offence. Forget and forgive — the storm will soon be over.

"There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To weary wanderers given ;

There is a tear for souls distressed,
 A calm for every wounded breast,
 'Tis found above, in Heaven!"
 Accept this from your friend,

G. T. KINNEY.

Miss H. Hanson.

Boston, Tuesday eve. August 19, 1834.

Miss H.—I do not wish to trespass upon your feelings, but I have a presentiment that you are not at rest. Your unhappiness makes me sad; but H., you must not think this world is *all* sunshine, neither think the clouds so dense that they cannot be dissipated. One moment of thought will scatter them. Your path is strewn with more than a usual share of flowers. This is no fiction. You are blessed with good friends, and if you chance to have an enemy, reflect that the purest being that ever visited this earth had his deadly foes. Do not think your fate such an one as has no parallel; with one glance you can behold a thousand who have greater cause for unhappiness than yourself. I take the liberty to say this because I feel interested for you, and your permanent peace is most desirable to me. You must be aware that I have ever had your happiness at heart; and I now feel willing to have you connected with Mr. F., believing it will promote the usefulness of you both. You have not forfeited the strongest claims to *friendship*. The world is bright before you, if you will have it so. Do right, and nothing will harm you. We may live to do each other much good. My heart and hand will ever be ready to do all the good in my power to you and your friends, as I have often expressed to you; and I hope in return to receive such as I give. I have written to Mr. F., and endeavored to express to him my feelings on the subject that has so long agitated us. You well know that I have been honorable with you, and have never treated you otherwise; neither do I wish to any of your friends. If heaven had so ordered, you know I should have been happy to have shared my destiny with you for life; but I think it was otherwise ordered, and now I wish to see you happy in your choice, and wish to be treated as a friend—for such are my feelings, and I trust they will never change. I hope you will *spin* the thread of life even, and not suffer your feelings to be-

come excited, which has a strong tendency to make you wretched, and when you are so, your friends must be so.

May heaven ever bless you and yours, is the strong wish of your friend,

G. T. KINNEY.

P. S. Give my respects to Mr. F.

BOSTON, August 19, 1834.

REV. E. W. FREEMAN :

Dear Sir—Perhaps an apology may be necessary for not answering your last letter ; but I assure you there was no neglect intended, and I hope what I have written H. will be read by you, as I intended. I thought it would be most proper to write to H. on the subject. I that letter you will see that I consider H. under no obligation to me *in any respect*, and in whatever she does, she has my best wishes. I have not the least disposition to wound the feelings of yourself or H. I wish only to be on terms of true friendship. I hope you will not *doubt me* on this subject *again*. As regards presents and attention, H. is under no obligation to me for any thing that the public may think she has received from me ; neither have I paid her any attention, *at any time*, indecorous to the character of the most rigid. These are the facts, and they could be nothing more if I were to write a volume. My conduct towards H. has been such as I would wish you to have paid a sister of mine. I can make no stronger assertion than this, for I know of no words that would portray the feelings of my heart more honestly.

I shall be happy to hear from you often, and your prosperity will be a perpetual source of pleasure to me. Give my respects to H., and that heaven may bless you, is my ardent desire and fervent prayer.

Respectfully yours, as ever, G. T. KINNEY.

N. B. I may possibly be in L. soon.

BOSTON, Sept. 4th. 1834.

REV. E. A. FREEMAN :

Dear Sir—While I regret that the public should find any cause to suppose there is any misunderstanding between you and myself, I am happy to *aver* they have no just grounds for thinking us any other than true friends, as far as I have any knowledge ; representations differing from this are untrue. I acknowledge that things have transpired since our ac-

quaintance, that have left unpleasant impressions on my mind for a time, but upon mature reflection, seeing the force of circumstances that have been beyond the *control* of any human being, those impressions have dissipated, as I have ever been in hopes they would, relying upon the good feeling which I have seen evinced in yourself and Miss Hanson, as you have both said to me you would take no steps to wound my feelings.

You can but be aware of the unvaried pains I have taken to learn the true history of *your* friend Miss H., and to those enquiries I have found a good report, upon which the basis of my conduct was formed towards *her*. This being the fact, it is, indeed, *heart rending*, that *she* or *yourself*, should suffer from any imputations cast upon either of you, for the good and friendly feeling I have ever had and do entertain for her.

The idea of bringing private feeling into public glare, is what almost any one would wish to avoid, especially when the public cannot know the particular reasons that a person is actuated from; but could they know and feel each motive, the *mist* would soon *vanish*. If time would permit, I should be *glad* to go into a detail of the numerous reports that have pained you, and agitated the public. There is one which I cannot refrain from referring to, as there is so much unkindness (not that any deed which I have done should screen me from the truth or censure if I deserve it.) I refer to Mrs. Rice, relating the circumstance of my attention to Miss H. at her house, which she seems at this late stage to put the most unfavorable constructions upon. At that intricate time, her *husband* was on his death *bed*, and I was urged both by Mr. and Mrs. Rice, to spend all the time there I could, which I *did*,—and often *too*—when I *did not* know how to stop in the house; in addition to this, Miss Hanson was there, and she was *my friend*, and she was *sick*. Had I have not known her to have been a good woman, do you imagine I should have introduced her to my friends?

I have not time to say what I feel duty demands I should say on this subject, but I will at some future time, communicate either knowledge or feeling, to this subject or relating to it at this time. I am interrupted; may wisdom shed its ray over all your paths, and sin and error fly from you, so that you will at last receive a Redeemer in heaven is my ardent prayer.

G. T. KINNEY.

Please let me hear from you.

LOWELL, Monday Eve., Aug. 12.

MR. KINNEY : Dear Sir—I cannot rest until I have unbosomed to you my feelings of surprise and sorrow, occasioned by the reception of your note of last Saturday evening. I regret that any thing on earth should have excited to such a degree your mind, as I think it must have been when the note was written. And was it all because I did not call upon you? If I had had the least idea that my failure of calling on Saturday would have disappointed you, in any degree *painfully*, I certainly would have made an effort to call. I need not mention to you the *particular* occurrences which prevented my calling; it will, I trust, be enough just to say, that as I found I should return through the city to-day and as I presumed that our friends would inform you on Saturday evening of that fact, and also of the reason why I did not call, (as indeed I requested them to,) in view of all these things, I thought a call on you to-day would be quite as well as a call on Saturday—and perhaps even better. But as you seem to deem it an omission somewhat censurable, I beg you will review the subject, and if you shall see aught that may appear blameworthy, I beg that you will forgive, remembering that “to err is human, to forgive divine.”

Tuesday Morning. Dear Sir—I was not able, in consequence of fatigue and severe headache, to finish this letter last night; and do believe me, I *do* most sincerely sympathise in whatever pains or agitates your mind. I am, I assure you, dear Sir, most heartily willing that you should “have an eye” to *every* movement of mine, with reference to things which interest you. By me you never have been, you never shall be, *in any way* injured, if I can avoid it. Do not, Sir—do not let your mind become agitated. Things, I do trust, will yet go right, and in the light of another and a brighter day, I trust we shall all see it so. As to your proposition—*should* you still feel disposed to leave B., and should you do it of your own accord, and still wish any assistance in my power to furnish you, to the *extent of my ability*, be assured, I will aid you. I do hope that *if* you do leave, every thing will be fully and fairly understood between us before you go. This will certainly be most desirable all round.

One word more, and then I relieve your patience. I found it difficult not to call on you on Monday. I read your note over and over again and again, I hesitated much on the sub-

ject, but finally concluded to "govern myself by what was written." But, my dear Sir, I do hope your feelings are now different from those which prompted the note.

In haste, very respectfully and affectionately,
E. W. FREEMAN.

Allow me to hope a line from you *soon*.

LOWELL, Oct. 12, 1834.

MR. KINNEY: Dear Sir—The affair which gave occasion for the unpleasant state of feeling which was evinced when I last saw you, I most deeply regret.

Nothing has been, or could be, more distant from me than a disposition knowingly to injure your feelings. My own, I confess, were excited in an unusual manner. I felt as I hope I never shall again. But after receiving your letter, and having further conversation with another person, my feelings had become quite relieved, and continued so until I last saw you. My regret then was, and still is, that you should have indulged the feelings which you did on account of my making those inquiries of you. I *deeply* regret it. You perceive, dear Sir, just how we are placed, and you cannot but be aware how ready the public are to misconstrue every thing that stands connected with this affair. Certain things, friendly attentions, &c., would in any *other* circumstances wear a very different aspect, and be followed by very different consequences. Do not now misunderstand me here. Think not that I mean to find fault with any attentions, any offices of kindness that have been bestowed—that is far from me. I only wish to indicate to you the precise state of the case, as it is looked upon by a thousand watchful and prying eyes. I now solicit you most sincerely to excuse aught that might have seemed to you unwarranted in my feelings or remarks on the subject which has given rise to so much unpleasantness.

You will, I trust, on reflection, feel a cheerful willingness to make an exchange of communications, or else destroy (each one of us) what we have received from the other. This I doubt not you will be ready to do. I will trust with all willingness to your *word*, if you will to me, or write me all which I have written you shall be destroyed. I will do the same, if you wish it. I beg of you not to allow your feelings to be influenced at all by the occurrence to which I have now referred—do not. I have

mentioned to no one the conversation which we had when I last saw you. I hope to have a line *immediately*.

There is to be a Council here on Monday next—what the result will be, I know not. I look *above* for aid, and beseech the God of all Grace to lend protection and wisdom. A line from you to-morrow or on Monday will be gratefully received. Again, dear Sir, I beseech of you to think of all the circumstances of the case (as to the affair of our last conversation,) and let those circumstances be the apology for me.

In much haste, and in deep affliction, believe me sincerely yours,

E. W. FREEMAN.

N. B. No one knows that I write this—as none but you and I knew of the conversation when I last saw you. All well.

Mr. Freeman and myself corresponded from July, 1832, till September, 1834, and in that time over five hundred letters passed between us. Scarcely a day passed but something was written by each of us. The hour of ten was set apart by us, as you will perceive by his letters, for secret prayer. It was a hallowed hour indeed, and ever has been to me.

September 23, 1834, we were married, and boarded for the first six months with Mrs. Butler, a widow woman, with whom Mr. Freeman had boarded some two years previous. Mrs. Butler had a much loved daughter, a member of Mr. Freeman's church. It was often the case that Mrs. B. or her daughter accompanied Mr. F. to church, to funerals, &c., when he was going, and might as well take them as not. He was exceedingly kind and agreeable in his attentions to all; indeed no person was ever slighted who came under his observation. When I came into the family, I could perceive very distinctly by looks and actions that I should not be happy there. We passed the time in our own room, except when we were at the table, and with society which was very agreeable to ourselves. The church and society were in as flourishing a state as they ever were.

In January, after I was married, I related my exercises of religious feeling, and was united with the church. I took a class in the Sabbath school a few Sabbaths after I arrived, and held it until I left. Mrs. B. left the house she had formerly lived in, and we remained and went to house-keeping. In April, as soon as we were settled and every thing was right,

we left for Maine, on a visit to our friends. The friends in Lowell were very kind, and made us many presents when we commenced house-keeping. Nothing could be more agreeable than all was in regard to the future with us at that time. My eldest daughter had been with us through the winter. We expected to meet our parents, on both sides, and to take my children home with us. I say nothing could be more agreeable. There was all this time an effort made by certain disaffected persons to injure our usefulness, as will be seen by the following resolutions passed by the church the same month we left for Maine :

THE COMMITTEE CHOSEN TO PREPARE SOME RESOLUTIONS FOR THE ADOPTION OF THE CHURCH, PRESENT THE FOLLOWING :—

1. Resolved, That the Church feel entire confidence in the integrity, piety, and faithfulness, of our Pastor, REV. E. W. FREEMAN.

2. Resolved, That we feel satisfied with the manner in which he has now and before made public, in substance and form, the results of the Council, held in Boston, at the call, as we are informed, of three members of a Committee of the Council held in Lowell, and that in view of these results, his course respecting them and the whole matter; we continue to him the aid of our sympathies, our operations, and our prayers.

3. Resolved, That we consider that there has been much and clear evidence of the blessings of God upon his labors among us for several months past; sinners have been converted through his instrumentality, and the Church edified. Much harmony and union exists between him and the Church, and Society. While then we are at peace among ourselves, enjoying a good measure of prosperity, and being still attached to our Pastor, as we trust for his work's sake, we regard with disapprobation, any measures, whatever, which may tend to injure him or the Church, or to remove him from among us, and that we consider them as wholly unjustifiable and a direct violation of the sacred rites of an independent Church of Christ.

4. Resolved, That we do not consider our Pastor has ever endeavored to clear himself from difficulties in any unchristian way, and especially by the unnecessary implication of others; if he has erred at all, it has been on the side of lenity.

5. Resolved, That since his trials, our Pastor has been

increasingly useful and devoted to the cause of Christ, and if suffered, as we hope he may be, to pursue his labors among us unmolested, we believe the glory of God will thereby be promoted, as well as our own comfort and edification.

6. Resolved, That we furnish our Pastor, with a copy of these Resolutions, and hereby renew to him the pledge of our sympathy and support in his trials and labors.

STEPHEN BROWN,	} Committee.
SAMUEL WESTON,	
SAMUEL C. OLIVER,	

LOWELL, Feb. 28, 1835.

In full Church Meeting, after communion, March 1st, 1835, the above Resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Attest, HENRY BATCHELDER,
Church Clerk.

Mr. Freeman had always been in the habit of calling on Mr. Kinney when he was in Boston; and when Mr. Kinney came to Lowell, he gave us a call, like any other acquaintance. We felt from the dictates of our own hearts to treat Mr. Kinney very kindly. We considered him a generous, good-hearted man. When Mr. Freeman was in want of any articles at the city, he would address a line to Mr. Kinney, and it would be directly and cheerfully attended to. Mr. Kinney called upon us twice while we boarded with Mrs. Butler, but never after we kept house, to my knowledge, while Mr. Freeman lived.

When we arrived at Mr. Freeman's father's, on our visit to Maine, we found him very ill, and we stopped there while he lived; which was but a few days. Having visited all our friends, we returned to Lowell, taking with us my two children. I will here give an extract from a letter written by the good Deacon's wife while we were absent.

LOWELL, May 11, 1835.

Dear Sister Freeman:—I would just inform you that Miss Merrill has received intelligence of the death of her brother. He died on the 4th instant—had his senses to the last, and left the world composed and happy. Elizabeth bore his death with much more calmness than was anticipated. The Female F. M. Society met on Saturday, and made choice of officers for the ensuing year; and it was unanimously voted that Mrs. Freeman be the President of the Society.

Love to Mr. Freeman—please to write me before your return Yours, with much affection.

ELIZA WESTON.

On our return we found every thing pleasant. Surely, who on earth could be so happy as I was? My children were all with me, and there was nothing that the natural heart could wish for to complete domestic bliss, but what we had every reason to think was soon ours to enjoy. But alas! the sun was then at the meridian. How little, said the dear one, did we think, on our return from Maine, that our sun was about to set forever! How cruel, dear H., he said, that we could not have met before! The hours with us rolled richly on from that period (the first of June,) till the twenty-second day of September following, when, one year to a day from the time that we were married, he bade adieu to all on earth!

On Thursday, before Mr. Freeman was taken sick, he was in Boston, and returned on Friday evening. When he came in, he said, "I have seen some of your friends—Mr. Kinney I saw, and he made me a present." He then showed me a trunk that Mr. Kinney gave him, and he said, "*Mr. Kinney is about to leave the city.*" I never saw him in better spirits.—We were preparing for the Association Meetings at our place the coming week. He remarked that the Rev. Mr. Stowe was to be at our house, and would preach one week from that day; and then said, "what shall we have him preach about?" I made some reply, and he remarked, "the Lord will give him a subject," and dropped it.

On the following Sunday, in the morning, I was quite ill, and Mr. Freeman was not willing that I should go to church in the forenoon. At noon, when he came home, I noticed that he was sick. He leaned his head against the mantel shelf, and said he was not well. He laid down till meeting time in the afternoon; then he got up. I could not prevail upon him not to go out, but he went, and soon I saw him returning, leaning upon the arm of a physician. He came in, and said again "I am very sick." The physician administered his medicine. Before night, another physician came, and administered more medicine. All night he did not appear to be so much sick, as I really thought, afterwards, he was. On Monday forenoon, I felt some alarm, and said to him, "you are the same as your father was," and asked him if he would have another physi-

cian. "If that were best," was his reply. His physician soon came. When he was going out, I said, "you are a young man, and I am not satisfied; will you consult with Dr. Bartlett?" He consented, and Dr. B. was immediately sent for. He did not think Mr. F. was dangerously sick. Towards night he grew worse, and remarked, "I am as father was; I fear I shall not get well." I was alarmed, and then sent for two other physicians. They held a consultation, and did what they could to relieve him; but he continued to grow worse until about five o'clock in the morning, when he died.

The following is a copy of a letter which I wrote at this time to the mother of Mr. Freeman:

LOWELL, October 12, 1835.

MY DEAR AFFLICTED MOTHER:

How shall I address you, how comfort you in this trying hour? How can I administer to your thrice-broken spirits? The pen should be touched by more holy hands than mine.— "There is a balm in Gilead." Your dear son, my beloved husband, lies in yonder grave! The tidings, before this, have reached you. Would I could have kissed from your grief-worn cheek the burning tear; but alas! I cannot. My Savior is near you. Broken and riven as is my poor heart, my mother, I weep for you, so recently God has taken from you the bosom friend, the companion of your many years. Had I lived with my dear Enoch so long, I could not have survived the shock. But could I, dear mother, withdraw for a moment the curtain that has fallen between us and "the kindest and the best," could we but behold the sweets of that "far-off land," where "the weary are at rest," there would be a picture which would turn our tears to rapture, and bid us long to share the new-made grave. But the hand that chastens, forsakes not his own. He has given us a hope, my mother, which throws a halo over the past; it whispers "peace" in this hour of sorrow, and reveals to our parting souls the promised glories of the future. Faith bids us hope on, till we arrive at that blessed abode. When in full exercise of faith, the roughest sea has been made smooth, the bitterest cup made sweet. This treasure has not been given us in vain, my mother, for as the fruit ripened for heaven, the spoiler has entered our garden again and again, and selected the ripest and the best as an offer-

ing at the Throne of Grace! The affectionate and much loved son; the dearest and best of husbands; the kind father; the benevolent, the accomplished and beloved minister of Christ, has gone to his reward! The home which he loved is made desolate! The *faithful heart* which has so often pillowed *this* aching head, is cold in death! Oh, my mother! shall we not again grasp that warm hand, and meet the glance of that speaking eye? Ah no! My children with me sought instruction from his dear lips, and almost worshipped him; and virtue breathed from his every breath. We, with the dear church, have lost that which cannot be restored; but the place reserved in his Father's mansion is now filled, and the voices of the many loved ones who had gone before, were attuned to welcome him. Heaven has gained an angel!

Though distant, my mother, I see you bowed to the earth with grief. My heart is with you. Thrice hath the blow been struck. Your dear husband, whose heart was a fountain of excellence, affectionately shared with you the burthen of the day. Our firesides are desolate. They loved while here to come around the family altar, and ask for blessings on a dying world, and upon their own dear families. They learned while here below to sing the matchless joys of heaven; now they realize the glorious scene. And methinks at this hallowed hour, the dear one's spirit bends to earth, while kneeling before his Father's throne, to ask a blessing on the loved ones he has left behind! Dear, hallowed hour! by an eye of faith I pierce the clouds and look into that shining abode, and see the glories prepared for him who is now no more. He is at rest. I often think of a few lines he once sent me, written upon my first name. Nothing could express my feelings better:

How throbs with anxiousness this heart,
And how the chrystal tear-drops start—
Now, since the friend that once was here,
No longer doth my spirit cheer!
And is it thus? my spirit's tone
How sad it is! I'm all alone!

Dear mother, it was not until after we had a consultation of physicians, and they had left, that he gave up the hope that he should get well. I was left alone with him. The Rev. L. Porter, as you already know, was with us the last night. He

had just returned from Boston, and being much fatigued, went and laid down.

After he had left us, dear Enoch looked up as I sat beside him holding his hand, and said, "My dear Hannah, I believe I must leave you! Don't be affected—it is my Heavenly Father bids me go. You know," he said, "nothing but His voice would call me from you in peace. It is His voice, and I must obey. My time is short." Dear mother, can you conceive my feelings? Ah yes! you can. Here he continued: "All I regret, is, that we could not have lived longer together in this world. We have just got ready to live. It is now noon-day with us. What could we wish for, more than we have every prospect of enjoying? But alas! our sun is to set at the meridian forever."

I was too much overcome to remain longer alone, and I spoke to Mr. Porter. After he was put into a warm bath, he seemed sinking every moment. His vomiting then ceased.—I cannot describe his symptoms nearer than to say, as he frequently did, "I am just as my father was." He often prayed me not to be unwilling to give him up. He said, "Dear Hannah, *never feel alone—I shall always be with you!* It will be but a short time, when we shall meet never to part. God will never forsake you, nor leave you to want." He called all the children to him, and bade them remember his prayers and love for them, and wished they might all bear his sur-name. He often, during the last night he was with us, expressed a fear that the fatigue and the heart-rending scenes would be more than my feeble health could bear; that the effect would be the transplanting of the fruit of our warmest affection to a premature grave—and so, my dear mother, it was. The last and fondest hopes have *perished!* Father! support me now!—All that could be said, was said with as perfect reason as he ever had. He often spoke of his dear brothers and sisters, and said, "I wish I could see you all; but alas! 'tis all in vain to think of that!" Now God bless you! and again good bye! Please write me soon.

Your affectionate daughter,

H. FREEMAN.

The following is a letter which I received a this time from one of Mr. Freeman's sisters:

TURNER, Me., July 10th, 1836.

Dear Sister:—It is with feelings of tender regard and sympathy for a beloved sister, that I now sit down to address a few lines to you. Many months have elapsed since I saw you—months replete with heartfelt sorrow. Oh, how changed is the scene of your prospects since you were at Turner! Then you were in the enjoyment of a kind and devoted husband, and I of a tender and affectionate brother. But the cruel ravager of men's happiness came when least looked for and snatched him away from a large circle of endeared relatives and friends. Dear sister, how sudden and unlooked-for was this event of Divine providence? I could not help exclaiming, why was it so? When my dear brother had but just begun to live in the enjoyment of domestic happiness, devoted to a kind and affectionate wife, that he should be taken away thus suddenly, was mysterious indeed! The wound was yet fresh and bleeding for the death of a beloved father, when the news came of the death of your dear husband—my brother. I can well assure you it was a shock to me for which I was unprepared. My babe was born September 24th, the same day brother was buried, and I heard of it the Sabbath morning after. The news came in a paper printed at Dover, N. H.—Oh! what a shock it was to mother. It seemed almost too much for her to bear, in her feeble state of health.

Sister H., I want you to write me a letter when you receive this, and let me know how you get along—where your children are—when you are coming to Turner, &c. I want you to come down this fall, and make us a good long visit. Do come without fail; I shall expect you. Give my best regards to all who may inquire. My husband and sister join me in sending much love to you.

Please to accept this token of regard from your sister,
R. BRADFORD.

The following is a letter addressed to Mrs. Abigail Freeman, mother of the deceased, by the Rev. Mr. Porter of the 2d Church in Lowell, who spent with us the last night that Mr. Freeman lived:

LOWELL, September 23, 1835.

TO MRS. ABIGAIL FREEMAN:

DEAR MADAM: Trials are our appointed lot in this world

of sin. No son or daughter of Adam is without them. The most devoted christian cannot expect to escape. Afflictions are a part of our probationary discipline.

I doubt not, dear sister in Christ, that these sentiments are familiar to you, and that you are prepared to say on all occasions of sorrow, "it is good for me to be afflicted."

When a christian is called, in the providence of God, to part with near and dear friends, who are also pious, they mourn not as those without hope. They look upon death as only a temporary separation, and believe that soon they shall meet in a brighter and holier world.

You will permit me, then, with tenderness and much heart-felt sympathy, to say that one of your family has taken his flight, in the triumphs of faith, to the bosom of his Savior.— Brother ENOCH W. FREEMAN now sleeps sweetly in Jesus.— His blessed spirit took its peaceful flight on Tuesday morning at two minutes before five o'clock. I was permitted to be with him during the whole night, and to perform the melancholy duty of closing his eyes.

On Sabbath morning, our dear departed brother preached from these words: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." He was then feeble; but some of his people have since remarked that his preaching savoured much of heaven. In the afternoon he again attempted to preach, but was suddenly taken ill and was obliged to leave the pulpit.— His disease proved to be the cholera morbus. Five or six physicians bestowed unremitting care upon him, from the first to the last. Many prayers were offered, in which he cordially joined. His mind was calm and serene to the last. Death had lost its sting, and the grave its victory. He knew that he was dying, but he was not terrified; nay, he rather desired its approach. He repeated part of a number of beautiful hymns. He was patient as a lamb, though full of bodily pain. His confidence was in Christ, and Jesus was evidently with him.— He seemed to have the voice of his Savior, saying, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

He felt a deep, brotherly solicitude for his beloved people. He often thought of the unconverted, and prayed for them. A short time before he died, I asked him what message I should give to his flock. Summoning up his little strength, he said, (and they were his last words) "tell them to '*be humble, zealous, faithful, and united in love.*'"

I have seen many saints die, but never one whose piety shone brighter at the close of life than his. It was like the fullness and beauty of a setting sun. Many who were present, could adopt the language of an ancient, and say, "Let me die the death of the righteous."

On Wednesday and Thursday, the Salem Baptist Association met in this town, at his house of worship. On Thursday afternoon, the body was carried into the meeting, which was soon filled to overflowing with a deeply afflicted people. Rev. Mr. Stowe of Boston delivered an admirable sermon from 23 Num. 11 and 12; after which a large procession followed the corpse to its lonely bed. We hope that the sermon will appear in print, in which case we will send you a copy.

On Sabbath morning the house was again crowded, and I preached from the text which our departed brother intended to have preached from last Sabbath afternoon: Ps. 89, 15, "Blessed is the people who know the joyful sound." In the afternoon, Rev. Mr. Holroyd of Danvers, preached.

Every thing has been done that could be. The church and people are very kind to his afflicted family. His wife appears to be divinely sustained in her great affliction. Probably she will write soon, and give you further particulars.

With respect and sympathy,

I am your brother in Christ,

LEMUEL PORTER.

The next Tuesday after Mr. Freeman died, the Association was to meet at our house. It met. The funeral took place on the following Thursday. At that Association, the ministers proposed to give each a Sabbath to supply the pulpit, and to let the salary go on as heretofore for three months.

One week from the day that Mr. Freeman died, I was confined. The depth of sorrow into which I was so suddenly plunged, was the means of destroying the last fond hope which I cherished. I was long confined to my room. I believe I was then prepared to die. I had no desire to live. I had never had that resignation of mind and soul, and fear I never shall again. Heaven seemed more near than ever. It was a selfish feeling, I suppose. I knew my best friend was there, and it seemed doubly dear to me; and the kind assurance the dear one gave me, when he became blind, just before he breathed his last, as he took me by the hand and made an ef-

fort to look upon me, and burst into tears and said, "My dear Hannah, although I shall never see you again on earth, *never feel alone, I shall always be with you!* my spirit will be near you—we shall soon meet again!" This was a trying hour.

My health gradually recovered. I remained in the house with my children, and boarded the clergymen who supplied the pulpit. Soon, one of our most active men, a member of the church, thought it best to have a minister settled. A man was sent for, who with his wife and children boarded with me for some time. An extract from his letters will show the result of a personal acquaintance in our family:

NEWTON (Upper Falls,) Dec. 5, 1835.

MRS. E. W. FREEMAN:

Dear Sister in Christ—We arrived last evening, after a fatiguing and uncomfortable day, at our present abode. How thankful we feel for our preservation and many temporal blessings, is known to the Searcher of hearts. I feel entire assurance that, having acknowledged the Sovereign of Providence, he will direct our paths. Many things combine to render this an agreeable and suitable residence for us at present. As to the future, it is not for me to say how or where I may be most useful, and this is the chief consideration.

I have your family and the much loved christian friends at Lowell, with all your interests, so much at my heart, that the privilege of saying a few things must be indulged. I should have been glad to attend one more church meeting in Lowell. I would have reminded my brethren of suggestions I had made to them in my public discourses and private interviews, and added some thoughts which might have been appropriate to the present juncture.

The whole is comprehended in those memorable words, rightly understood and applied—"Be humble, be faithful, be zealous, be united in love." I need not attempt to show how much occasion there may be for *humility*, nor the benefits that would arise from being humble as individuals and as a church under the mighty hand of God.

I hope you have been sustained as heretofore in your affliction. God has done much for you, my dear sister. It seems almost mysterious that you should be able to sustain all he has laid upon you. It has been his grace, not natural fortitude alone, although I believe you possess a good share of this. May

you be preserved from sinking a moment in despondency. The sun is as brilliant above the thickest and the darkest cloud, as any other.

May your future course be directed and blessed, and made glad according to the times wherein you have been afflicted, and the years wherein you have seen evil.

I shall be gratified with hearing from you, and learning every thing which is prosperous in your affairs, temporal and spiritual. I hope you have succeeded in procuring some one well qualified to undertake the "Memoirs." If I had been aware of all the circumstances, and the nature of the case at first, as I became eventually, I presume I should have gone right about the work, as soon as possible.

Mrs. F. and the children send love to you and yours. Please remember me, most affectionately, to all the brethren and friends.

Truly yours.

B. F. FARNSWORTH.

My family was sick the most of the following winter. I had a great amount of company, and was affectionately and kindly treated by all. It was while this family were with me, and my family quite sick, that Mr. Kinney called upon me. I would rather have given the world, had it been at my disposal, than that such a thing should have occurred at such a time; and for no other reason, than this, that remarks would be made by the cold hearted meddlers. Nothing was thought of it at our house; he called as any friend would, saw the family, and soon left.—The person who was so officious in getting a minister before the time had expired that the pulpit was to be supplied for my benefit, called and offered me some *wise* suggestions in regard to Mr. K's visit. I told him that it was not by my wish that the call had been made; that it was not sought by me, and I hoped, painful as it was to me, it might not be spoken of by any one unkindly. After this minister had remained with us a few weeks, he left. A young man who had recently graduated from Newton, came to our place as a candidate for Pastor. From my heart I pitied him. He was young; he knew nothing (in one sense,) of the world. He boarded with me, and I was pleased with him, as he was very pleasant in the family. He gave us his best sermons first, which was perfectly natural. The good friends gathered about him, said many kind things to him; he heard them, and saw the bright side of the picture only; his

hopes were high, his anticipations buoyant; the smiles of his hearers feasted him, their attentions flattered him, and he accepted the invitation to become their Pastor. He was in my family a number of weeks, but finally went to Boston, took him a wife, returned, and was ordained and settled over the church. While in Boston, he wrote me the following letter on the subject of changing his boarding place for a few days, in order to prepare for house-keeping. The man with whom he boarded in the interim was the same mentioned before—Mr. H.

BOSTON, January 11th, 1836.

Sister Freeman :—I have conversed with Miss Colby respecting the place at which we shall board after we come to Lowell, and, agreeable to my promise, send you the result.—She says she prefers the place at which we shall be the most retired, and then leaves the decision entirely to myself. I think it is my duty to consult her wishes; and as I think, for reasons which I mentioned to you, that we shall be more retired at brother Hastings' than at your house, I have decided, on this account alone, to board with him. If I had consulted my own wishes only, I should have remained with you, for then I should have had no reason for a change. I have been well accommodated and entirely satisfied since I have been in your family. My friends send their regards, particularly my father. Give me a kind remembrance to my friends at Lowell who may speak of me. I hope I may continue to hold the same place in your confidence and esteem which I have hitherto done, while I assure you that mine for you is not diminished.

Yours in christian affection,

J. W. EATON.

Your paper will be sent this week. I hope we may see you in Boston next week.

Soon after Mr. E. was settled, he became acquainted with those disaffected members who left before I was married to Mr. Freeman; and he and Mr. H. got them, or a part of them, back into the church again. It could hardly be supposed that Mr. E. could be longer very friendly to me. The first disagreeable thing which occurred was some trifling affair about a pew in the church, which prompted the proprietors of the house to send me the following communication :

LOWELL, March 3d, 1836.

MRS. HANNAH FREEMAN :

Respected Madam—During the life-time of your deceased husband, the Proprietors of the First Baptist Meeting-house in Lowell, reserved the Pew in front of the Desk for the use of his family. As a token of respect for the memory of our late deceased Pastor, as well as a high regard for yourself, we wish you to retain and occupy the Pew as you have done, until otherwise requested by the Proprietors of the house.

Very respectfully yours,

SAMUEL C. OLIVER,	} Trustees of
JOHN W. GRAVES,	
SAMUEL WESTON,	
J. M. MARSTON,	
STEPHEN MANSUR,	
	the Proprietors
	of the First Bap-
	tist Meeting-
	house, Lowell.

Soon after, Mr. E. and H. called upon me, and advised me to leave the place, for this reason, that while I remained, the people would retain their memory of Mr. F. This was deeply trying to me, as I loved my class in the sabbath school much, and also those who had bestowed upon me so many acts of kindness. The very house in which we worshipped was dear as life. Still I could not but respect the new Pastor; he occupied the place the *good* man had filled, and that was sufficient for me to respect him, inexperienced as he was. I deeply regretted that he had not more experience, to come into a society like that; a place which requires a perfect knowledge of mankind, to enable the occupant to bear the buffetings which one must endure in the charge of so peculiar a people, and among that people some of the best in the world. After having this *call* from him, I could not expect to enjoy myself in any meeting as before, although I tried to make the best of it. When our annual meetings came, (which was soon after the arrival of the new Pastor and his wife,) I resigned my office in the Charitable Society, and in the Sewing Society, where I had enjoyed some of the happiest hours of my life. The copy of the resignation I submit, as that expresses my feelings as they truly were :

My Dear Sisters: I regret most deeply that I cannot longer serve as President of so amiable and praiseworthy a society as this. With pleasure I have often met you in the social cir-

cles. I have endeavored to perform my part, as far as it was in my power. I never felt a deeper interest in any object in which I was engaged; but you know, my dear friends, how incompetent I am. Still, you do not, you cannot know, the depth of my grief, and therefore you cannot fully appreciate my unfitness. Oh, how gladly would I spend my all with you, if I thought it would promote your good. If I know my heart, the peace and permanent prosperity of this dearly beloved church and society is *nearest* to it. I am ready to serve you in any capacity that I am competent to fill. But if the Lord has removed me from the place I once so inadequately filled, I can yet say, "The Lord is good; his loving kindness endureth forever." His hand is always ready to heal the wound he makes. While I contemplate the joys of those who have gone before me, it fills me with that mournful consolation that no earthly comforts can afford. The sympathies and kind condolence, that I have received from you, my dear sisters, also serves to cheat my heart of its sorrows. You have those still among you, who, I trust, can direct you wisely in all things; and may the richest of heaven's blessings rest upon you!

I do not wish to withdraw my name from the society; but I wish to have the prayers of all of you that I may exert a wider and more salutary influence than I ever yet have done, hoping that we may still co-operate with each other in every thing that we as a society may undertake, and endeavor to strengthen and encourage each other in the principles of our dear Savior, which we profess to cherish and obey. O may there go out from among us such an influence as has never yet been known in all this region. Time with us is passing rapidly away. How many instances of mortality have we witnessed since our last annual meeting. How many widowed hearts are there in our circle of friends; and where is there a being whose sorrows are deeper than mine; yet hushed are all my sorrows when I think of the felicity of the departed. O, how happy it will be, if we shall all be permitted to meet this circle of friends when we leave this tabernacle of clay! What a meeting that will be, where every unhallowed passion is subdued, and every wish is gratified! There we shall crave nothing that we do not possess; every mystery will be revealed; and every sin will be washed away in the blood of the Lamb. There, too, we shall know even as we are known, and see the Lord in all his glory. Will not the Lord help us to put our

trust in him, and look to him for wisdom to direct us in all things? Has he not promised, that if we will acknowledge him in all our ways, he will direct us aright? Has he not especially promised to be the widow's God, and a father to the fatherless? Let us therefore put our entire trust in him, and we shall be safe. Let us then go onward, trying in every thing to imitate the Savior, and endeavoring to inculcate those pure and holy principles, that will tell, to all who witness our conduct, the value of religion.

In the bonds of christian affection and sisterly regard, I remain sincerely yours,
H. FREEMAN.

These persons, with some others at Charlestown, had always had their deep-rooted prejudices, and doubted the propriety of Mr. Freeman's marrying as he did. It was ascertained at the time the Council was held, before our marriage, that there had been a person of the same name with myself, and one who bore much resemblance to me, whose character was not of good repute. It was satisfactorily proved that she had been at Lowell, and had often been seen there. This fact is well known to the committee of that Council, and there are persons who may at any time be referred to. I never knew the grounds on which those prejudiced persons based their hostilities. I have feared it was this—that they had made up their minds there was a wrong, and they could not see any chance for right. Now if there are still any such persons, it is hoped that they will "put on charity," and balance against my imprudencies conduct, if they have actual knowledge of any such, the good deeds I may have done—at least the support and education of a family which, but for my exertions, must have been destitute. Would not this be the best course? Would it not be a more direct way to turn the power of speech to the honor and glory of God? In speaking of things that are past, I wish to be charitable; but *my* faults and misfortunes have been criticised upon and magnified as through a glass.

Circumstances have existed, which were as much out of my power to control, as it would be to speak a world into existence. Had it been in my power, nothing on earth would have given me so much joy, as to have been able to have removed the causes of so much fear of wrong on my part. There was no dissatisfaction among the parties concerned, and I can-

not but fear that much of this idle surmising arose from an improper state of heart in the suspecting ones, in many cases.—Although I heeded with so little interest the idle talk of those who know not what they say, yet I would have their conversation and conduct such as will contribute to their own personal happiness and comfort; and my own knowledge of things forbids the thought that peaceful reflections can be the result of things so cruelly false. Had we a power by which all could look into the human heart as the Eternal does; could some unseen hand withdraw the veil which shrouds the secret spring of all our actions; then you could see each motive which has prompted my course, and shame and confusion would cover your faces! Your hearts would melt with sympathy for the wrongs which have been done—wrongs which can never be repaired. I hope it may be repented of in time; if not, it will come up at the judgment day. Trying as have been the situations through which I have had to pass—unqualified as I have been to meet the criticisms of a heartless world—it could not be expected that I should manifest all that prudence and caution which the circumstances might seem to require. Exerting myself as I always have to support my family, and to qualify my children for the society in which I wish them to move when they come to be of age, I have felt far above the grovelling things which are not worth bestowing even a thought upon, and have studied only their good. My own business was mine only to attend to, and I had not sufficient time to do all that I would like to have done for the moral and intellectual improvement of my children. Were it not for the fact that for those children I have more interest than for all else in this world, I would not make a public statement of these things.—But I have too much charity for persons in general to believe that they would, if they knew the truth, ever cast an imputation on my children after I am gone, on account of what I have myself so wrongfully suffered. As to myself, the knowledge I have in my possession I have not the power to impart to them, nor to any one else. I can only tell my own simple story.—You have all read the one page; none but myself can give the other.

After all things were settled at our place as to a Pastor, the different changes as to our societies, &c., the spring came. I had remained at the same place where I lived with Mr. Freeman; had kept a few boarders, and always had a great amount of

company. It was not unpleasant for me to see my friends, but my means would not admit of my keeping house longer. Trying as it was to leave the house in which we were married—the house where the good man died—duty was plain. I had then received two months' salary, by the aid of the neighboring clergy. I consulted the friends as to the course most proper for me to pursue. I was encouraged by them to open a shop. At the time of Mr. Freeman's death, the last quarter of his salary was due, besides the salary for the year 1834. The members of the church committee with whom I conversed, assured me that the salary should be paid in the course of six months. With these encouragements, I sold my furniture, which was allowed me by the Judge of Probate, except such as was necessary for myself and children, and commenced business. My prospects were good. The church and society and people generally, patronized me liberally. My children were all at school, and every thing was as it should be, as to the happiness of my family.

The salary that was due, I depended much upon, to enable me to succeed in my business, as I wished to meet every engagement promptly. Mr. E. required a higher salary than Mr. Freeman had ever had, and it demanded an effort on the part of the minister to prompt the people to pay the old debts. I would not say that effort was not made by him, but I can say, and that with truth, that NOT ONE CENT HAS EVER YET BEEN PAID. Some of the persons who first prevented the payment, were again members of the church, and what could I expect from them but an entire failure? I have a correct account kept by the good man, which any person may see, and those who knew him will not, I think, dispute the account. It contains a memoranda of every cent he received that year, by presents, which he proposed to allow, and which I have always designed to allow, if any thing should be done about it. The last three months' salary was collected, and debts of Mr. Freeman were paid. The cause of these debts was, that money borrowed in 1834, was paid from the salary of 1835.

In consequence of this, before seven months had elapsed, a firm in the city with whom I had traded, and to whom I was indebted between two and three hundred dollars, attached my goods, and broke up my business. They had a right so to do; but had they not been incorrectly informed as to my affairs, they probably would not have done it. Had they first called

upon me, and ascertained the true state of the case, the result would have been otherwise. I had in my place of business some persons whose society I thought much of—a widowed lady and daughter. When I kept the shop, I took rooms with them, and they, with a son of the lady, boarded with me in the fall and winter of 1836. During the winter, a number of persons applied for board. I had six or seven boarders all winter. No family in our situation could be happier than mine. Nothing occurred between any of us to mar our peace. I believe all were decidedly pious. It was that winter I was first made acquainted with the Messrs. Leach. The brothers were members of my family most of the winter. I had every attention which could have a tendency to make my lonely and unfortunate situation happy. I never had a friend with whom I spent so many happy hours, as with the widowed lady before referred to. She has many valuable friends in this city, as well as in Lowell; and she is one of those kind beings whose very presence imparts comfort and peace. But the spring came, and this kind lady left for the west. She was appointed superintendent of the Female Seminary at Steubenville, Ohio. I was indeed loth to part with so valuable a friend; but her correspondence afterwards afforded me much satisfaction.

In the spring, the Messrs. Leach left, and returned to their studies. They were all preparing for the ministry. My sister, who spent with me the winter of 1833, (the winter Mr. Kinney's sister was with me,) arrived at Lowell, and resided in my family during the winter of 1836-7. She was afterwards married to Mr. Leach, with whom I now board.

I have heretofore remarked that Mr. Kinney called upon me while my family were sick. That was when he was on his way, as he told me, to Nashua. He said he was going there to spend some time, and I saw him only as did the rest of the family. No conversation except what was heard by the rest of the family, was then held between us. At the time Mr. E. boarded with me, Mr. K. called again. This was on his return. He spent no time, except to inquire for the health of the family; and he had previously written to one of the physicians, making inquiries on the same subject—as I have learned by the answer which I find among his letters. He did not write to me until the fall of 1836. It has been reported that he was in the habit of visiting at our house. I will state in truth the number of times he called after my marriage to Mr.

Freeman. During the first six months, while we boarded with Mrs. B., he called twice; and after we commenced house-keeping he never was in our house, to my knowledge, until after Mr. Freeman's death, as before stated. The girl who lived with us as a domestic, now resides at Mr. Dill's, in Newton Place, Boston; and she can, if inquired of, perhaps give satisfactory information.

The spring my sister came to Lowell, Mr. Kinney and my brother (who was in Lowell at the time I met Mr. Freeman,) came up from Boston. My son was then sick. The evenings were very short. Mr. K. called to see myself and sister. He spent the evening until the bell rung for 9 o'clock, when he remarked that if he remained longer I might be lectured on the subject. He bade us good night, and left us. As he passed down the street, he noticed at a window some fine-looking oranges; the sick child came up in his mind, he went in, filled his pockets with the fruit, and returned to us. We were living in a house, part of which was occupied by a family who kept factory boarders. The moon shone bright, and when he came back, a number of girls were at the door—some were sitting upon the steps. He passed by, expecting they would soon go in; he soon returned, rung the door-bell, and left the oranges. The girls remarked that he was the same man that had just left; and this circumstance was brought up one year afterwards, to prove that his designs were dishonorable. The room I then occupied in that house was the same which contained the sick child, my sister and myself; and the persons who spent hours and days and nights in endeavoring to throw around the circumstance a shade of suspicion, would hardly have thought of an orange for the benefit of the child!

Painful as these calls certainly were to me, still I could not but respect Mr. Kinney, I had always found him honorable in all his conduct; and when he came where I was, I could not treat him otherwise than well. Still I tried in all cases to avoid him, for full well I knew how many jaundiced eyes were upon me, and that the fact of Mr. K's calling at my room was like a spark of fire thrown into a powder mill, and calculated to produce effects nearly as unpleasant. Still it was not in my power to prevent it.

When I came to Boston to purchase goods, I always put up at Mr. Macomber's, for there I knew that I was known, and that no remarks of an improper nature would be likely to be

made. I sometimes (not often) saw Mr. K., and he sometimes came in to see me at the hour I took my meals—knowing that I was on business, and had no other time to spare. All this time a secret complaining or conspiracy was carried on by one or two individuals. I had been seen to go into my store on the *Sabbath*. This was indeed true. I had occasion to get goods to prepare for the dead. Those who saw me did not know my business, and I did. That made a very essential difference.

One other little affair I will relate, in order to show the depravity of the human heart. Report said that Mr. K. had shown me a great deal of attention when I was in the city, and when I was about to return. Now those who took me from my place know that Mr. K. did not give me any attention whatever, nor was he ever near me at the times alluded to. At one time he was seen near the cars, as they were about to leave Boston for Lowell; and that was all the *proof* that could be found, after many days of unwearied search, to substantiate the fact of his improper attentions to me. He was not seen to speak to me, nor do I know that he looked toward the cars. But a very good man saw him in that vicinity, and spoke of it as innocently as I should speak of going to my dinner. But that was enough. In the eye of vulgar prejudice, "there must be some fire where there is so much smoke."

Now in view of such charges as these—and they are the ones, and the only ones, that were brought against me at the time; in view of my necessary attendance upon my own business, what more of prudence could I have exercised in order to avoid the observations and the calumnies of those who were seeking my injury, and with heartless cruelty turning every act of mine into one of questionable motive or positive suspicion?

In the fall of 1836, Mr. Kinney wrote to me on the subject of coming to Boston to reside. I could not then for one moment cherish the thought. I wished to live in Lowell the remainder of my days, and I hesitated to answer the letter. The Messrs. Leach, as I before remarked, were with me. Mr. K. next came to Lowell and spent an evening. We conversed freely upon the subject broached in his letter. My sister was with me, and also my friend Mrs. G. The latter was much pleased with Mr. Kinney, and hoped I would decide to marry him. She thought I should never be at rest in Lowell or else-

where, while he continued to call. I gave him no decisive answer; and it was not until some time had elapsed, and a long conversation had been held between Mr. Kinney and the Mr. Leach who now resides with me, that I decided to unite with Mr. K. It was a solemn decision. I felt that many, perhaps, of my best friends would abandon me if I married him—that they would infer that I had encouraged his calls, (which was not the case,) and perhaps believe the slanders which the cruel tongue of prejudice had heaped upon me. On the other hand, Mr. Kinney's conduct had always been such as the sentiments of his letters express. I had always considered him a gentleman, in every sense of the word. The nobleness of his character, the kindness with which he treated my children, and the respect with which he always spoke of Mr. Freeman, had elicited my esteem and confidence; and I had no reason to doubt that every thing would be done by him to promote my own happiness and that of my children. I was convinced, too, that if any being on earth could influence his religious feelings, it was myself.

I consented to come to the city to live. My pecuniary affairs were still unsettled. Mr. Leach came to Boston soon, and conversed with Mr. K. and my creditors on the subject.—Mr. K. was to see the matter properly arranged to the satisfaction of all.

In view of what I have stated, I prepared to come to the city. Mr. K. hired a house for me of Deacon Jackson. Mr. S. Leach (my brother-in-law had then left,) came with me.—Miss Buck, a young lady who had been a long time in my family in Lowell, came down the next week, in order to remain with me until I was married and my affairs were settled. Before Mr. K. was able to complete his purposes as to business, himself and partner failed. Nothing could then be done as to my affairs. I knew quite well that there were persons in Lowell who would take advantage of these circumstances to injure Mr. K., had I been married to him then; and for this reason alone, the marriage was deferred.

I then consulted counsel in regard to collecting the arrears of Mr. Freeman's salary, so justly my due. I found that the society had been illegally organized, and that nothing could be done about the matter in a legal way.

Previous to my leaving Lowell, there had been a great many complaints made by our brother H., relative to what he was

pleased to term my unchristian-like conduct. The substance of these complaints was, that I had had calls from Mr. Kinney—that he had waited on me at the cars—that when my goods were sold at auction in April, I had sold goods to my friends, and he did not know what had become of the money—that I had performed unnecessary work on the Sabbath, such as sweeping the walk from the kitchen to the yard—and to cap the climax of my offences, that when questioned as to my opinions of our minister, I had sometimes given impressions one way and sometimes another!

I removed to Boston in April. In May I received the following letter:

LOWELL, May 27, 1837.

Mrs. Hannah Freeman: Madam—The church met last evening, and passed resolutions censuring Mr. R. L. Hastings for the course pursued by him in relation to his dissatisfaction with yourself: after which it was voted, that the church meet on Wednesday evening next, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of investigating certain reports in circulation in regard to yourself. It was also voted that the Clerk inform you of the adjourned meeting, and invite you to be present.

In behalf of the Church,

GEORGE W. HOLBROOK, Clerk.

It is hoped you will make a special effort, if necessary, to be present on Wednesday evening. The reason for adjourning to that evening, is, the expectation of your being in Lowell on that day. The last meeting was distinguished for quietness.

I write in very great haste.

G. W. H.

I attended the church meeting referred to, and obtained the following letter of recommendation:

LOWELL, June 2, 1837.

This certifies that Mrs. Hannah Freeman is a member of the First Baptist Church in Lowell, in regular standing, and is recommended to occasional communion with any regular church of the same faith and practice with which she may worship. In behalf of the Church,

GEORGE W. HOLBROOK, Clerk.

On the 10th of June, I received the following letter:

LOWELL, June 10, 1837.

Madam—In compliance with the advice of Br. Oliver, I send you a line. During the past week, vigorous efforts have been made by Frasier and Dr. Mansur (as I am informed,) to obtain signers to a paper for the purpose of reconsidering the resolutions passed on the Friday evening preceding—which are, as you well recollect, that after a patient and elaborate investigation of reports in circulation prejudicial to your christian character, it was

1. Resolved, That the Church do not consider Mrs. Freeman censurable.

2. Resolved, That we do consider her as a member of this Church in good and regular standing.

Both of which resolutions passed almost unanimously (only four votes in the negative;) after which it was

Voted, That Mrs. Freeman have a letter of occasional communion to the Rev. Mr. Ide's Church, Boston.

Br. R. L. Hastings was the *only one* who voted against your having the letter. The resolutions and vote were passed by a large, respectable, and decisive majority. This affords to my mind a conclusive demonstration of the satisfactory character of the evidence presented by you in vindication of your christian walk and integrity.

These brethren, however, did not, I think, meet with very good success in their efforts to obtain signers. They have, however, exercised their influence to persuade many who were not present during the whole of the last meeting, and some, I think, who had not attended any of the meetings, to attend on Friday evening and vote for the reconsideration of the resolutions. The motion was made (last evening) by R. L. Hastings, seconded by Br. Levi. After a protracted discussion, during which the meeting was stormy and tempestuous, the vote for reconsideration was tried, but *did not pass*. I should like to say more, but time forbids.

Let me assure you, that you have many valuable and excellent friends in Lowell, in spite of the efforts of some individuals to shake their confidence. As a member of this church, you have a perfect right, I conceive, to be informed of the doings of the church—but more particularly on account of the doings of the last meeting relating to yourself. I write, therefore, not in the capacity of church Clerk, nor in behalf of the church, but as your sincere friend,

G. W. HOLBROOK.

LOWELL, June 25.

Mrs Freeman: At the house of a friend, I write you a line. The last Friday evening, the opposition party, by great exertions, carried the day. The vote stood 32 to 25, leaving the small majority of 7 in their favor, some of whom had not attended a church meeting for six months past. The brethren on your side feel deeply on the subject, and hardly know what course to pursue. They will probably try to make tearing work in the church on Wednesday evening next, for that is the time they meet to hear Mr. R. L. Hastings sum up the evidence on his side of the investigation.

Kind regards from your friends. Remember me, with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson (at whose house I now write) to the Rev. Mr. Magoon.

G. W. HOLBROOK.

I went to Lowell, and attended the Wednesday evening meeting here mentioned. The meeting being opened, Mr. R. L. Hastings was called upon to bring forward his evidence.— He replied that he had nothing further to say on the subject. Many remarks were made by those who were friendly to me, on the course which had been pursued. I asked the church if they would grant me the favor of having the matter investigated by a number of disinterested persons. I said Mr. Hastings was at liberty, so far as I was concerned, to choose the number and the persons himself. The church unanimously voted, that a number of persons should be chosen, as I desired, and that they would abide by their decision, and the result was that I received the following letter of dismissal and recommendation:

This certifies that Mrs. H. Freeman is a member of the First Baptist Church in Lowell, in regular standing, and at her request is hereby dismissed from us, and affectionately recommended to unite with you. When received by you, please give us notice.

In behalf of the Church.

SILAS DEAN, Clerk.

LOWELL, July 20th, 1837.

The Sabbath I left, after receiving the foregoing letter of dismission, the following lines were handed me by a female friend. They were afterwards sent for publication to a Bap-

tist paper in this city, and were refused a place. Again they were sent by another friend, and again refused.

“NEVER FEEL ALONE—I SHALL ALWAYS BE
WITH YOU.”

The above words were addressed to Mrs. E. W. FREEMAN, by her dying husband. And the following lines were addressed to her by a female friend, upon hearing the pathetic and comforting assurance of his never-failing love for her whom he must leave behind to mourn the loss of a dear and departed husband.

Now, be thou strong, my cherished one,
Nor bow thee to despair ;
I go, but leave thee not *alone*,
Thy weary lot to bear.
The dazzling stars, which burn above,
Were fashioned for decay—
Is not the light, the star of love,
More deathless far than they ?

It is, it is—a whispering voice,
Amid the gloomy wave,
Is bidding now my soul rejoice—
It will o'er sweep the grave.
The earth may shroud, for one brief hour,
The radiance from thine eye,
But death, who opes the door of bliss,
Will sweep its shadows by.

I leave thee, in a heartless world—
A dreary path, and lone ;
I may no longer shield thy breast,
Yet feel thou not alone !
When now as wont, at evening time,
Thy trusting prayer ascends,
Bethink thee that to blend with thine
To earth my spirit bends.

And oh ! when friends prove false to thee,
On whom thy heart was stayed—
When sorrow comes, and thou shalt be
Neglected, wronged, betrayed—

When, nearer still the dark cloud comes,
 And deeper anguish throes,
 Till o'er thy burning brain and brow,
 Thy blood, like lava, flows ;

Calm, calm thy lightning thoughts to rest,
 And hush each anxious fear,
 For as the breeze that fans thy breast,
My spirit shall be near.

And when thy heavy task is o'er—
 The "silver chord" is riven ;
 My harp its thrilling notes shall pour
 To welcome thee to heaven.

Then, then shall bloom that fadeless star,
 Upon our path forever,
 Nor slander pierce, nor falsehood mar,
 And nought again shall sever.
 Then be thou strong, my cherished one,
 Nor bow thee to despair—
 I go, but leave thee not alone,
 Thy weary lot to bear.

Lowell, 1837.

FLORENCE.

Soon after I returned to Boston, I called on Dr. Sharpe, whose church I then attended, and told him I had received a letter. He remarked very kindly that there were persons in his church prejudiced against me, and advised me not to present the letter, but to receive the privilege the same as though I were a member of the church, as I had a right to do. I was near the Boylston Hall when the church there was organized, and have since attended there, and held the same privilege—that is, of coming to the communion. I had, after attending services at the Hall awhile, become acquainted with some of the members, and was invited to join the sewing circle. This was after my marriage to Mr. Kinney. Myself and eldest daughter attended, and were accepted as members. The second time they met, my daughter met with them, and was so coldly and insultingly treated by the President, that she immediately left and returned home in tears, and exclaimed, "Mother, what do these things mean ? I was never treated so before, and I can never go there again." In a few days

I took with me an elderly lady, who had while I lived in Lowell been an active member of our church and societies, and who then lived near me on Dearne street, and called on the lady President for an explanation of her conduct towards my daughter. I did not know but the child's conduct had been improper, and I wished to investigate the matter. She in a very precise manner remarked that I had kept house a long time before I was married to Mr. K.; that she thought it was *very improper*—that she did not wish to associate with people who conducted so improperly—and that she could give no further explanation on the subject! I *demand*ed of her a statement of any improper conduct, on the part of myself or family, which came from a responsible source. She replied that she had never seen or known any person who had been a member of my family, and she was evidently at a loss for facts. I entreated of her for the family's sake to satisfy herself by one inquiry of those who *knew* the facts. But her mind was evidently made up, and no appeal could move her.

I soon after went into the Sabbath school. My children had all the while attended there. I was told directly that my presence there was not agreeable. Much as it would have gladdened my heart to meet them there—much as I needed the influence of mental and religious exercises—I could but mourn over this state of things. I had not spoken to Mr. K. of this; but he learned it from the children, and felt it deeply. No loss of property or disappointment in business affected him like this cruel persecution. He knew that some of my friends had forsaken me entirely on account of my connection with him; he knew, too, that his conduct towards me was such as no being would blush to receive. And then to witness so much of censure and reproach for the kindly feelings I had exercised towards him, was too much for him to bear. He was not capable of resisting or overcoming the force of these sensitive feelings; and the late trial developed enough of his character to satisfy any one that this sensitiveness would have a tendency to draw him into those indulgencies, to which men of his spirit too often resort for relief from trouble and anxiety.

I next appealed to our minister, and asked him if he thought such things ought to exist. I referred him to persons who had been members of my family ever since I had lived in Boston; but he would not be convinced of the propriety of my conduct. I told him my children were in his Sabbath school, and asked

him how they possibly could be benefitted there — He replied that he could take no measures to learn the facts of my case. I next spoke of my husband's feelings on the subject—of the effect it had on his mind in regard to religion. He said that the fact of my marriage to Mr. K. had confirmed the evil reports in regard to his attentions to me. I then gave it up, determined to stifle my anxieties, and to endeavor to exert an influence over my children at home that should compensate in some degree for our virtual banishment from the Sabbath school.

Time passed on. The following April I visited Lowell, and asked a renewal of my letter from the church, which was given; and of course my relation is still that of a member of the Lowell church, until received by some other church. I have held no communication with that church since, in regard to any propriety or impropriety of mine.

Some little time after I was married to Mr. Kinney, I became convinced that he pursued a course of conduct which I had previously entertained not even a suspicion of. He often appeared singular in his manners, and sometimes when I noticed these appearances, he would become angry, and absent himself from home for a day or two. But after I came to know these things by *experience*, (and that teaches the only true lesson) I could then look back, and the mystery as to his conduct was solved. I expostulated with him, and he acknowledged all. He said frankly that he had practiced drinking and gambling too freely. When in the full exercise of his better judgment, he was humble, penitent, and fully aware of his lamentable propensities. His faults were *mine to keep*; he was my husband. My conduct towards him was known to those who witnessed it, and to the All-Seeing Eye that never slumbers or sleeps. I would have given worlds, had they been mine, could I have broken the charm that bound him to the vice which ruined him. But alas! the spoiler came too often to be cheated of his prey!

The matters of which I have spoken, I say seriously affected him. The last time he went with me to church, which was but a few weeks before he died) as soon as we were out, he said, "Hannah, rely upon it, I will never come here with you again." He had been a long time ill in health, and was failing fast. It was proposed that we should visit his friends in Vermont. His sister, of whom I have before spoken, was

spent some time with me, and had corresponded with me after I married her brother. The week before Mr. K. died, he was unable to work, and merely superintended his business. He was at home regularly until Friday night. At the beginning of the week we had had a long conversation on the subject of his habits. I admonished him that he was utterly destroying his health. He then said solemnly, "I will never be guilty of drinking another drop of ardent spirit, or spending another improper hour from home." I did then hope I should realize all he promised. The week was spent very agreeably, and we often spoke of our contemplated journey. On Friday evening, some one called at the door and asked for Mr. K. I was tempted to say he was not in, for I had seen the person before. I went to Mr. K. and begged him not to go. He said he would soon return, and went. I did not see him again till nearly eleven o'clock the next day. Being *more* than anxious respecting him, I called at his shop. He met me at the door, and said he was sick. I asked him where he had been. He replied "with a friend." This was his usual reply. I asked him if he had been drinking. He answered that he had been out and taken a glass of liquor since he began to feel sick. I admonished him that if he continued the use of the pills which he commenced taking the Tuesday previous, they would certainly kill him; and I begged him to go home with me. He said he was going out to see some one, and would come home directly. I asked him where he had been the previous night. His reply was, "where I never shall be again!" and he uttered this with an expression of face more calculated to draw from me a tear than a reproach. With another entreaty that he would come directly home, I left him. As soon as I got home, I told Miss Collins that Mr. K. was sick, and requested her, as soon as he arrived at the house, to let me know it. She did so, and I was soon sent for. I gave him some warm drink, and asked him what he had taken. He made me no definite reply. I left him and went to my place of business, as I had mourning articles to prepare for a family about to attend a funeral. From this probably arose the report afterwards industriously circulated, that I had prepared my own mourning previous to his death! At noon I went up to Mr. K.'s room and found him very sick. I requested him to send for a physician, but he declined. I told him I would call Dr. Snow, but he would not consent to it, and said if I sent for any one,

it must be the man who gave him the pills he had been taking. I left the girl with him, and met Mr. Goodwin, and requested him to call on Mr. K. I then saw Dr. Snow, informed him that Mr. K. was very sick, and requested him to be in readiness to visit him in the afternoon. I went to my shop, and continued to go back and forth till night. Mr. K. vomited up every thing we gave him, but still obstinately refused to have a physician called, unless it was the person who gave him the first medicine. Still he refused to tell who that person was. At night I sent the girl to the shop for Mr. Danforth, as Mr. K., after an unsuccessful attempt to dress himself, had consented to inform him who the person was that gave him the medicine. Mr. D. had left the shop, and Mr. Barnes came in his place. After Mr. B. had left the room, I asked Mr. K. if he had sent him after a physician, but he replied that he would not tell Barnes where to go. I was very impatient, and insisted on his telling me, which he finally did, and I put on my bonnet and went. The doctor came. After discovering who he was, I asked him what he had been giving my husband. He replied, "nothing that will hurt him." I said he had grown worse since he took the medicine. I knew nothing of the man, but concluded he was a quack, and not a suitable person in whose hands to trust one's life. I however took him to my husband, and told him in my plain way, "This is the man who took your medicine." I then asked my husband if he wanted any thing. He replied in the negative, and requested me to leave the room for a few moments. I did so, but was soon called back. Mr. Bachelder said the patient had a bowel complaint, and left some powders and pills for him. I gave the medicine to Mr. Kinney, but having no faith in it, said I did not believe it would help him.

Mr. Goodwin had been sent for, to sit up with him. It was was late when he came, and as he had been broken of his sleep for several nights, he remained below for some time in order to take some rest. As the medicine had not the desired effect, I insisted that another physician should be sent for.—Mr. K. finally consented, and I went down and requested Mr. Goodwin to call a physician. Mr. Kinney remarked on my return that it mattered not to him whether he got relief, as he could not live. Dr. Storer soon came. He ordered laudanum, and as small a portion of water as it could be given in, and a mustard-seed poultice on the stomach. I asked if a blis-

ter would not have a more powerful effect. The Dr. said the application would be more troublesome. I remarked that after Mr Freeman died, we regretted that we did not make use of more powerful means. He made no further reply; the poultice was administered, and then I laid down to rest, at the request of Mr. Kinney, and Mr. Goodwin agreed to attend him. The vomiting continued, and there being nothing in the stomach to throw up, he said he must take some drink. We proposed cold tea; he preferred sage tea, and I went below, kindled a fire, boiled as little water as I wanted to make the tea, brought it into the room boiling hot, and requesting Mr. G. to cool it and give him some as soon as he could drink it, laid myself down again. I have no recollection of any request about the sweetening. Mr. Goodwin gave him some of the tea, and after that he seemed easier, and when he did vomit, was not apparently so much distressed, for he then had something to throw off the stomach.

About five o'clock in the morning, Mr. G. left. The patient had had turns of faintness and want of breath. I was now alone with him; and on recovering partially from one of these symptoms, he threw up his arm, and said, "*Hannah, I have killed myself! I cannot stay long!*" He did not then look like a dying man. He continued, "Will the Lord have mercy on me?" I was deeply affected, but I answered that it was not too late to look to his Savior for pardon and forgiveness. He requested me to pray for him; I replied that I would, and that he must also pray for himself. At this moment some one opened the door, and the conversation ceased. I called for some one to go again for Dr. Storer. When he came, he ordered a pill of opium and an injection. There was no man in the room at this time, nor any sage tea administered, as has been stated. It was now light, and Mr. J. went to an apothecary's for an injection pipe. After the pill was given, the vomiting ceased, but the evacuations were continual, so that the bed-clothes had to be repeatedly changed. In the mean time Dr. Storer had left, but he soon returned with Dr. Bigelow, and the bed-clothing was exhibited to them as an apology for not administering the injection. When Dr. S. asked the reason why the injection had not been administered. All had been done that could be done to relieve the sufferer. It was not a time for me, when I had no person but Mr. G. to assist me in attending to his every want, to allow the deep

fountain of feeling to be broken up. In a short time Mr. K. breathed his last, without a murmur or scarce a groan. I could hardly realize that it was death, until I could hear his voice no more. My feelings at this time were such as I cannot describe. I went below. There hung the picture of him who was so short a time with me. He too was gone. His star was sparkling in the firmament with all the brilliancy of an angel of light. Lonely as I was I felt that the room was hallowed by the spirits of the departed, who would never leave or forsake me while I remained on earth.

Dr. Bachelder was now at the house. I sent for a minister to come and perform the usual religious exercises. It was soon proposed to have a post mortem examination of the body. I had no other objection than the natural repugnance which is scarcely to be avoided on such an occasion. The examination took place, and when Dr. Storer came below, I asked him what was the result. He replied that there were now in the city many cases of the bowel complaint; that many had proved mortal; that they should report this as such, but if called upon oath, he should say it was a case of Asiatic cholera. These I well recollect were his words. A Mrs. Dame of this city was present, and will bear witness to this statement.

Previous to the request of Drs. Storer and Hildreth, Deacon Keith called and made many inquiries, and apologised for our minister's not calling, and said he would call in the evening. I had not the slightest suspicion that these inquiries were not sincere. Not long afterwards, the physicians called to re-examine the body. I do not recollect whether any thing was said after the last examination.

Night came, but no minister called at the house of mourning. I waited with an anxious eye. It was a matter of surprise to me. Although I had attended that meeting more than two years, I had never had the pleasure of seeing the minister at our house during that time. I could but expect he would then call to see me. He did not come. The funeral was to be on Monday at 4 o'clock. I waited until eleven in the morning; and as he did not then come I sent for another clergyman. Soon after I sent, Mr. F. called. He spoke very kindly; and I did not mistrust by his conversation or prayer, that his feelings were less kind—or that he had not as much sympathy for me as for any person similarly situated. As he was about to leave, he said, "Do you wish me to attend the funeral?" I

told him I had made that request the day before of Deacon Keith and Dr. Hildreth; but for certain reasons I doubted whether he would come, and a respect for Mr. Kinney's feelings towards him, induced me to send for another clergyman—the one who married us—and he being absent, I had invited the Rev. Mr. Driver, of South Boston. I then remarked that with these exceptions, I should have preferred his services; and I invited him come to and attend the funeral. Mr. Driver was present, but Mr. F. was not. A request was sent to him for the prayers of the church, but it was forgotten and not read.

Not a sound of anything, (as to reports) but the dreariness and desolation of a house like ours met my ear, till the ensuing Wednesday. That was the day fixed upon me to leave for Vermont, with Miss H. Hosford previous to Mr. Kinney's death, and he was to come for me, and make a visit. Letters had been sent to inform our friends of our intention, and we were expected at that time. So great and sudden was the change, I did not like to leave so soon, and we finally concluded to let my youngest daughter accompany Miss Hosford home, and that I should go the ensuing week. The shop was not opened on Monday or Tuesday. On the last mentioned day, the girls prepared the child's dresses for the journey, at the house of Mr. Bacon, next door to the shop. On Wednesday morning Miss H., and the child, left for Vermont. On that day, the store was opened. In the afternoon, Miss Sewil came to the house and said a woman who had been in the shop, told her it was supposed by many persons that Mrs. Kinney was poisoned by his wife. It was the first time a thought of the kind had entered my mind. I considered it *wickedly evil*. I asked Miss Sewil if she would find out the person who made this statement, and ascertain where it originated. I told her I could not bear this accusation—it was too much. I requested her to say nothing of this to Miss Coles, as she was very nervous, and a stranger. She had, however, previously told her. I then sent for Dr. Stone to come and see me. He came. I inquired if he knew what medicine Mr. Kinney had taken. He told me he did not. I asked if the pills and powder which he examined the night he called, were proper to give a man sick as he was. He made some reply, and said, "Have you any of the pills he first took?" I told him I had not seen any of them. I asked him what was Mr.

Kinney's case. He replied, "As I told you, the Cholera." I then told him some unpleasant reports were in circulation, and asked him if he would give me a copy of the report of the case. I said, "I am going into the country to visit his friends, and it will be well to take it with me." Many physicians in this city leave with the friends of the deceased, a report of the death, the same as that given to the Board of Health. No other important conversation was held at this interview with Dr. Storer. He said he would prepare a report, as soon as he could attend to it. I said, "Do you think these reports should prevent my going into the country?" He replied, "I do not know."

I then saw Mr. Barnes, from Mr. Kinney's store, and had a conversation with him on the subject. Mr. Barnes left soon. I also saw Mr. Johonet. He said he should not give himself any trouble about the matter—the Doctors would know whether Mr. Kinney was poisoned or not, and would soon answer that question—the same as I thought myself. Mr. Johonet had known Mr. Kinney from a youth. Mr. Goodwin also called, and spoke of the reports. Mr. Kinney had many valuable and highly respectable friends—men who had been invited to our house, and to whom I had been introduced. They perhaps, were not ignorant of his worthy traits of character; and they knew, too, that he had round him a host of beings who had done much to ruin him. On this subject, (after the reports came out) they spoke to me. Mr. Goodwin we had always considered a clever fellow, but not very discreet, and quite too communicative to be entrusted with affairs we wished should be confined to ourselves. His friends knew much more of his general character than I ever did, and as we did not wish to expose his faults to those who had never known them, we conversed apart from him or Miss Collins, and this course excited a suspicion in their minds, not being content with their own affairs. Whatever we had to say concerning Mr. Kinney, we said when they were not present. Of Mr. Kinney's business affairs, I was almost entirely ignorant. P. Riley Esq., was the man with whom the business of the late firm of Kinney & Riley, were left to be settled. He very kindly took care of the whole business, and secured an administrator. This business too was not spoken of in the presence of Mr. Goodwin or Miss Collins, a matter of much astonishment to them, not being capable of compre-

hending more than one thing at a time, and that not very correctly. I was satisfied that Miss Collins was not a suitable person for any thing of a confidential nature.

The next day after my conversation with Mr. Johonet, I sent for Dr. H., and Dr. B. I reviewed the whole of Mr. Kinney's conduct—the threats, which he sometimes made, &c. I attached little importance to these things, at the time they occurred, but I could not help thinking of them after what I had heard. After I had called all these things to mind, I thought the reports must come from some of the Doctors, and I determined to see them, and to advise with them upon the subject. I felt that if Mr. Kinney had bought any poison, we might get some knowledge of it, but I did not dream that any living being could for one moment think that I had in my own heart one drop of murderous blood. When they called, I perceived a great difference in their conduct towards me. They seemed unwilling to stop, and manifested a fearfulness of something, I knew not what. Dr. Hildreth, in particular, appeared very different from what he did when he called on me the Sunday previous. My object in asking them to call, was to ask their aid; for I felt, if on earth we should look for consolation, it was from a child of God. But, alas! sometimes when we expect a friend to guide us, they serve us as “a limb out of joint.” I was satisfied that Dr. Hildreth had as much wickedness in his heart towards me as could be borne, and his very presence chilled my soul. They soon retired without one consoling word.

Time passed on. I was frequently informed of the rumors in the vicinity. I had never but twice before heard of the suspicions of Mr. Freeman's death, and I supposed it was in connection with Mr. Kinney's sudden death that this came up. I concluded that those who had so long pursued me with such vigilance, had taken this opportunity to overthrow me entirely, as I was overwhelmed with grief and trouble, being left again without any being to protect me. Much as I felt on this mournful occasion, I thought it too cruel, but still felt as I now do, that no being on earth could believe what they said. A number said, “Why do you not get a certificate from the Doctor?” I replied, “I have asked for it, and he will give it as soon as he can.” I supposed he could tell on examining a person after death, as well the cause of death, as he could the symptoms of small pox, measles, or any thing of the kind. I

had no opportunity to inform myself on the subject, and was of course ignorant of the truth.

After being requested to ask for a certificate, and knowing that Miss Collins had heard of the whole matter, I asked her to step in and see if the report was ready. This was on Friday. When she returned, she said Dr. S. had not yet prepared a report, but would do so, as soon as possible. She added, "He seemed very kind, and says he believes nothing wrong in you." I was again quiet, for I supposed his multitude of cases prevented him from complying with my request.

On Saturday evening, several friends called on me, and asked if Dr. S. had sent in a report. I replied, "No;" and as we were speaking a boy came to the door and said, "Dr. Storer sends his respects to Mrs. Kinney, and says he has not prepared the report, but the moment it is ready he will send it." I repeated this message to my friends.

On Sabbath morning, Drs. Jackson and Storer called as we were going to breakfast. I saw them alone. Dr. Storer said, "We have come to report to you the cause of your husband's death. A large quantity of arsenic has been found in his stomach. Every nerve was paralyzed." I replied, "Indeed! is it possible!" The Dr. asked, "How this could be—could he have taken it himself?" At this moment I thought of the medicine he first took—I thought of his kindness to me—and he *was* my husband—and I replied, "He could not have done it himself." My charitable feelings were in full exercise. I could not admit the thought for a moment. He was *dead*, and how could I think of wrong in him—and how could I say more to a man, I then supposed, had deceived me from the time of the examination, up to that moment. I supposed he knew as well, at first, that he was poisoned, as he did then; and I believed that the suspicions abroad, originated with the physicians present at the first examination, until I was told that the stomach had been analyzed.

Then a thousand fears presented themselves to my mind, as I thought of the ten thousand remarks made by Mr. Kinney, as to being tempted to become his own destroyer. The case in particular, referred to by Mr. Tucker, as to his taking laudanum enough to kill two men, came into my thoughts. That was the first time he was absent from home, over night, after we were married. He returned in the morning. It was the first time I had seen him intoxicated. He said he

was sick, and had a bad headache. I asked him the cause, and *he told me the truth*. I felt it most deeply. I then spoke of my situation—the widow of a minister—of my children—and of the censure I had received for continuing his friend. He felt his error, and was *silent*. I left the room. He then went out, but soon returned. When I entered the room, he was standing at the closet door, taking some medicine. I inquired what it was. He said he had some laudanum to take in peppermint. I got some hot water, and left him to get some sleep. When the bell rang for dinner, he did not come down. I went up to the room and found him asleep. After much effort, I succeeded in arousing him. He said, “Hannah, I hoped never more to wake again.” I said but little. Accident led me to the closet, and I saw the phial which had contained the laudanum, empty. I was frightened, and exclaimed, “What have you done with this?” “Drank it!” was the reply: “I hoped to relieve you of suffering, by it.” I made no reply; but thought much of it afterwards. I never mentioned this circumstance to any living being; nor did I suppose any person had ever heard him make any remarks of the kind, until after I was imprisoned. When Mr. Tucker appeared on the stand, and made oath to what Mr. Kinney told him at that time, it was as fresh in my memory, as if I had just heard it, from his own lips. Mr. Kinney was often depressed in spirits, sadly; and he frequently remarked, “I had a great mind never to come home to you.” He owned his faults: when he was himself—the noble-spirited, kind-hearted husband, it was his weaker judgment that led him on to ruin.

After the physicians had left me, on Sabbath morning, I walked the room for some time. I was in doubt whether to go to church or not. I sent the note for prayer, which was forgotten. I did not go. This was one week from the day Mr. Kinney died. I wrote a note at noon, to Dr. Storer, asking him to come and see me. I said nothing to Miss Collins of what the physicians had said in the morning. I don’t know why I did not, only that I could not talk to *her*; there was not one spark of congenial spirit in her.

Mr. Goodwin’s sister, boarded one year in my family, when I lived in Deane street, and Mr. Goodwin was much of his time at my place. In April, previous to Mr. Kinney’s death, I was going to Lowell, to make a visit. I mentioned before I left, that I thought of asking the church to renew my letter of

recommendation to the sister churches. If I asked that, I knew it was necessary to obtain an expression of opinion, from some personal friend, with regard to my religious character, at the time. Mr. Goodwin was very ready to write—and so was a young lady, who belonged to the Methodist Church. I made the visit, and asked for a renewal of my letter. It was afterward granted, without using either of those recommendations. I leave them in the hands of the publishers, as I am compelled to omit them here, for want of space.

Miss H. Varney, spoken of in the trial, was a woman who called at my place to get employment. I did not, at this time, wish to give her any. When I thought of visiting Vermont, I went to the place where she had lived, and inquired if she would be a suitable person to leave my family with. They said she would. I then said I would give her and her child, their board, if she would keep house for me, and she might stay until she could do better. She came the morning Mr. Kinney died. We had moved to the house we then lived in, the week previous, and having much to employ my time at my place of business, I had not arranged my things at home as I wished.

Miss Varney remained with me after Mr. Kinney's death. She arranged the furniture, as is usual. Many things were taken from the closets into the room where the paper was found with the word "poison" written upon it. I never could account for it, unless it came from the rubbish.

When Dr. Hildreth came upon the stand, at the trial, and stated that the Attorney General said if a paper could be found with the word "poison" written upon it, there would be sufficient ground for a prosecution; and when the Attorney General stated that Dr. Hildreth made that statement, and afterwards denied having said so—my blood curdled in my veins—and I looked upon that gazing assembly with no desire to be released from the evil chain that bound me. Why not rather than meet the world, go back with a light and cheerful step to the silent cell, where none but the eye of God was upon me? But I felt that the veil would be withdrawn in eternity, and every mystery would be revealed; and I trusted alone in that friend who is ever near the widow and the fatherless.

When I left for Vermont, I was to be absent two weeks. I consulted my friends as to the propriety of leaving at that time. All advised me to go. On my journey I heard the narrative

of the woman who poisoned two husbands, (ministers) and ran away the day after the last one was buried. The narrator sat directly behind me in the stage coach. She continued her story thus :

" This woman boarded with Mrs. Butler, widow, of Lowell. Her little girl lived with Mrs. B., and was in Mrs. Freeman's (now Mrs. Kinney) class in the Sabbath school. Mr. Freeman, previous to his marriage, had boarded with Mrs. B., and every one supposed he would either marry her, or her daughter. But this jilting woman came that way and captivated the minister, and after a long and tedious courtship, he concluded to marry her. Every body thought she killed him; for Mrs. B. said the reason she was not sent for when he was sick, was, that there had been some foul play which she would have been likely to detect."

This kind of conversation went on hour after hour. Occasionally, I looked round to see what those beings behind me resembled. When we arrived at Concord, one of these persons kept on the journey, and the other left the stage, as I did. I took this person to my room, and asked her to relate the poisoning story to me, as I had been listening to the conversation of others, and did not hear it all, distinctly. She then told the whole story over again. I now made myself known to her. She was not a little surprised. I then gave her some profitable remarks upon the proper use of the tongue. She begged, again and again, my pardon; and added, " I have known Mrs. Butler for many years; she is a distant relative of mine, and I am sorry to say she is a great slanderer, and when she gets set against any one, she never sees anything right." I did not doubt the *kindred ties*.

When I left home, I asked them to write, if anything occurred necessary for me to know. After the Coroner's Inquest was held, (I think) one of Mr. Kinney's friends wrote me the following letter. A duplicate was sent to Plainfield, Vermont, and was there taken out of the office. The following is copy :

Boston, August 24, 1840.

MRS. H. KINNEY :

Madam—I have this day had a long consultation with your immediate friends, and we have come to the conclusion, that it will be for your interest to return to Boston, as soon as you re-

ceive this, for your business can be done best by yourself, in person ; and we think that it will be best for you to take out Letters of Administration, and then you can go on with your business without farther trouble ; as it now is, we think that you will be unable to get along without a great deal of trouble and perplexity. There has nothing new transpired since you left. You may think we were to blame for advising you to go out of town, but we advised for the best, as we thought ; but we think you had better return as soon as possible.

Yours with respect, C. H. J.

P. S. I have sent a duplicate of this to Plainfield so that you will be sure to get one of them. C. H. J.

This letter has been represented in Vermont, as shewing much guilt on my part. I insert it for the purpose of showing the truth. The duplicate was never returned. My respect for the family from whom this report originated, forbids my mentioning names.

I arrived at Dr. Kendrick's on Saturday evening. I found Deacon Hosford, and one of Mr. Kinney's brothers, waiting to meet me. I took tea with them, and went home with Deacon H., who had married the sister of Mr. Kinney, who spent the winter of 1833 with me in Boston. Much deep grief was expressed in every face. The desolation that dwelt within my own breast was known only to myself. My husband was a much loved brother. He was dead. When the news came to his friends, they were at that moment expecting to see him. It was painful in the extreme for me to witness the emotions of their hearts. Mr. Kinney had not since a lad, lived at home with his brothers and sisters, and he had only visited them occasionally for more than twenty years. His kind, noble, and benevolent traits of character, had endeared him to all his relatives very much. To meet those friends—knowing as I did the cause suspected of his death—the reports in circulation as to myself—the fears in my own mind—was indeed almost too much for human nature to bear. Many questions were asked by the friends as to the situation of the family. No one there knew but Mr. Kinney was independent. His appearance was always such as gave them no reason to expect the reverse. When those questions were asked, which which one would suppose perfectly natural, what could I say but tell them the truth. I knew that when his estate was set-

tled, the condition of it must be known. But how much blame was attached to me for this?

I spent an afternoon with Mrs. Kendrick, after the reports appeared in the newspapers. Mrs. K. took me aside and told me of the reports, and said, "Why did you leave?" I told her I consulted with my friends, who advised me to that course. She said "You must return directly." I replied, "Certainly." I told her I had wished much to tell them what had happened, without delay, but it was too much for me to be the bearer of such intelligence to those who were near and dear to me.

Deacon Hosford and myself, afterwards had a conversation on this subject. I told him it was all a mystery to me; I could only look to the All-seeing Eye of Jehovah, for strength. He asked me in plain words, if I was guilty of the deed. I replied, "I would I had the breath of my husband, then I could answer the question. It would have been the same as my own to him." He seemed perfectly satisfied. He observed that he had discovered a change in his brother's appearance for the last few times he had seen him, and mentioned that in one conversation he had with him, he felt that his views of religion were skeptical. I replied I have feared that was the case, but did not wish to give credit to it.

Harriet Hosford and myself, had gone out to walk, when Mr. Clapp (the officer) arrived at the house. While we were out, we had some conversation on the subject of her uncle's course, since I had known him. I could never speak unkindly of him who had been so kind to me, much as I might wish his course to be different. His faults were mine to *keep*, not to *expose*. Harriet had been at our house and had witnessed what I then spoke of, as she would not have heard it from my lips.

Mr. Clapp, on our return, was at the house. He told me his business. I told him I was ready. I attempted to leave the room to get my trunk prepared. He expressed some fear. I paused. I thought if he could only search my heart as with a candle, or as the All-seeing One, it would be more to me than all else. I was seated and silent. I had the greatest struggle to command my feelings. I was finally permitted to arrange my things to return. Miss Harriet went with me to the public house and staid all night with me. Mr. and Mrs. Hosford declared their full belief in my innocence. Deacon

H. said, "Sister, I shall rely much upon the report William Goodwin gives us in regard to the affair." We may ascertain what his reports were from his published testimony. A number of things have occurred, in this connection, which my respect for those to whom I am bound by marriage ties forbids me to mention. How many times I have erred.

Mr. Clapp, during the journey, was very kind. He remarked as we started, "I do not wish you to say anything to me, to bring me into Court, in this case." I replied, "I have nothing to tell you that will injure you or me." His whole treatment of me was such that no one would have supposed that I was under the charge of an officer. He was respectful and kind.

I supposed, after I was arrested, that on my arrival in Boston I should have my trial and be acquitted. I knew no person could meet me face to face, and say ought to me, however much they might surmise since I had left. I asked Mr. Clapp if I should not have to obtain counsel. He inquired what lawyer I knew. I told him no one except Mr. Harrington, and Mr. Riley, who was a friend of Mr. Kinney; and had the management of his business affairs. He said, send for him. I did so. He called on me and gave all the advice I desired. Not until I went to Court did I suppose I should be imprisoned. With my own consciousness of innocence, how could I expect it? When the word was given how did I survive? I could only say, "Give me the patience, and tutor me to bear these dire accumulated ills. The dark futurity is shrouded from my view, but the high mission from above that rules its mysteries cannot err, and to that I yield me now. I trembled to await—to endure—but 'tis this dreadful blow, sure aimed, will strike through me to other hearts! Oh! *they* must writhe in anguish far beyond the agonies I bear!"

I had everything in prison, necessary to make me comfortable—a good bed and carpet, rocking chair, table, stand, writing desk, &c., &c. I looked upon my furniture with a mournful pleasure. It was the chair Mr. Freeman had in his study eight years; it was his desk, and his Bible. All these things, once so familiar to him, awakened pleasing associations. The chair he once occupied—the desk on which so many letters were written—his likeness, too, and numerous letters in the desk, in which he referred me to Chapters in the Bible—all this afforded me more satisfaction than I had pow-

er to express. In that awful place these were comforts that no person had power to give or take away. I commenced writing upon that desk, the night I was first imprisoned. Not a day passed, but I wrote more or less while I was there, which lacked a few days of five months.

Thank heaven my heart is not unmoved by the sufferings of those around me. Heaven has given me sources of happiness which an unpolluted heart only can know. If by speaking a kind word, or meeting with a smiling countenance those in distress, we are fearful of censure, what independence have we? While in jail, I returned to those who spoke to me a proper answer, not one that would give pain. I conversed with no individual, without an opportunity for others to hear what was said. We spoke to each other through a window, with a fourteen inch granite wall between us. I never saw the face of a prisoner while I was there, only as I passed back and forth with Mr. Coolidge, the keeper. I had many books sent to me to read. When I had read them I gave the prisoners the same privilege. I passed them round by the aid of the attendants.

Many things of interest took place while I was there. One in particular. I had been there better than a month before I saw a clergyman of any kind. At length one day as I was standing by my window, the Rev. Mr. Driver, of South Boston, came up the passage-way. I was indeed glad to see him. I could but weep bitterly. One look of compassion will affect a prisoner. He prayed with me, at my window, but did not come in—nor did any other visitors till a few days before the trial. Dr. Hildreth was with him. I asked Mr. Driver when he came again if he would come alone.

On Monday morning Mr. Riley called, and told me what course would be taken with my case. I cannot disguise my feelings. I look upon all this now, as upon a dream of which I have little realizing sense. Mr. Riley told me he should be every day necessarily at the prison, and all should be done, as to counsel, that my case required. I always intended to have Mr. Choate, for counsel, until the whole affair was out of my control. When I was remanded to prison, my feelings were known only to God. My room was with the consent of Sheriff Eveleth (whom I shall always most deeply respect,) fitted up for my accommodation. I gave no orders as to what the fitting up should be. When I arrived at that place, I felt

a dreariness and desolation which no tongue can describe. As I passed down those steps the words written in my album by Mr. Freeman, occurred to my mind. I repeated them to myself—I do not know that I ever did before out of the book :

“ Should sorrow o’er thy spirit come,
And grief thy gloomy way attend,
O then, ’mid shades of deepest gloom
Remember still thou hast *a friend* !

“ There is a land where spirits dwell,
Where purest pleasures never end,
And when to earth you bid farewell,
There may you meet *your dearest friend* !”

My apartment was No. 5, in the common jail. It was very dark, but being neatly furnished, was not unpleasant.

Dr. H. called upon me, one day, alone, and brought me a bunch of flowers. I was not sorry to see him. He began to address me by saying, that my conversation the last time he was there had prompted him to come again. I asked him why he wished to converse with me alone. He used his best efforts to excite my feelings by telling me of the dreariness of my situation. I replied, as I felt, with indignation, that I would not change situations with many persons that I could fix my eye upon out of the cell. He spoke of the awfulness of a female being executed, and declared himself my friend. He observed that if I had any disclosures to make in view of the result of this painful, and trying affair, they would forever remain in his own breast. “ You,” he said, “ may not have sinned more than others who have escaped. No pecuniary aid that I can give you, (he added) will I withhold, if you will make known the facts, in relation to this affair ; and I would be imprisoned myself rather than disclose to any one the statements you may make.” These things I heard with astonishment. I replied, “ If there is a God in Heaven, I am as innocent as yourself.” It was a matter of astonishment to me, what it could benefit him, any way. I asked him why our minister had not been to see me. I told him I wished the prayers of the church. Whether they considered me innocent or guilty, it would be a source of satisfaction to know that I was remembered in their public and private devotions. Much as persons may err, in their views of things, it is more

comfortable to have charity than to indulge in enmity and jealousy.

Letters from my children, my father and friends, helped me to pass the hours away. Receiving as I did so many tokens of kind remembrance, my deepest and most pungent feelings of regret arose from the fact that I could not impart to them the knowledge I had of my own situation. I felt that I had much rather remain there myself than to have my friends there. My brother and sister came to see me while in prison, (Mr. and Mrs. Leach, with whom I am now) and an own brother. I requested them not to come again. It was too much for me to witness the emotions of their hearts. My father proposed to come, and to be with me at the trial. I could not consent. The sight of my aged father, at that time, would illy aid in supporting me, affected as I was at every expression of commiseration. Indeed, the presence of my father would have unfitted me entirely for that work.

My brother, the Rev. E. G. Leach, attended the trial and aided me all in his power. I can in no way account for the support which my mind received throughout the whole of this dreadful period; nor is it possible to describe my feelings. I had no fear of the result, because the faces of the jury presented the fair index of rational minds, and I was sure the judges were men of sound judgment. In their hands I felt safe. With the honorable counsel, Messrs. Dexter and Curtis, I felt entirely satisfied—and it would be impossible for me to express my feelings of gratitude towards them, as well as others who labored to effect my acquittal. I look upon them all as the means in the hands of God of taking me from the fierce lion's den. Those who took so active an interest in my behalf will not regret it. Heaven will reward them, I never can. I can only say God bless them! I saw at that trial many countenances which spoke most plainly the compassion of generous hearts. Those expressions will live in my memory while reason retains her power.

I received from my friends numerous invitations to come directly to their places on my acquittal; but of all places on earth, I most desired to return to my own room in the prison. In that room was all I owned of earthly comfort, (so far as property was concerned) and I replied to all who sent me invitations, that I desired to go back to prison. When I returned it was with different feelings from what I had before—far

different. The unceasing anxiety had abated—although during the whole week, I had slept with as much composure, and as refreshingly as I ever did in my life. After I was acquitted I could scarcely sleep at all. The idea of meeting the world, subject as I should be to the criticisms of enemies, made sleep a stranger to my eyes.

In the morning my brother called to accompany me to his boarding place. My things as usual were taken away. A prisoner who had been in the next cell to me during the whole term of my imprisonment; one who had evidently been well-bred—a gentleman in all his conversation—had the same curiosity as others to see me, and asked Mr. Coolidge when I went out with my brother, if he would permit me to come to his window (a small place through which you cannot pass your hand) and then he could see me. Mr. Coolidge very kindly replied, if I spoke to one I must to all, and he did not think it best. Of course I did not go—nor have I ever seen him—although in the presence of my brother I made the same request. This prisoner had said much to console me when I was in low spirits. Situated as I was, in that place, I should suppose that a person who could indulge the thought that I could at such a time, be guilty of any improper conduct or conversation, must be too low and degraded to possess one feeling of humanity. Yet such insinuations have been uttered by my own sex.

I spent the first day, after my release, at Mr. Smith's, in Milk street. Mr. D——, from New York, (a cousin of Mr. Kinney) was at the Bromfield House with his wife's sister. She was not well, and they were desirous that I should go and stay with them while they remained in the city. Accordingly my brother went up with me. I felt that I might as well be there as any where. We had a room by ourselves. They remained in Boston only one or two days. When they left, my brother took the room occupied by Mr. D., and we staid there until Mr. Leach hired the house where we now reside—about two weeks. I then began to prepare my rooms for house-keeping, and lodged during this time with an acquaintance on Mount Vernon street. When Mr. Leach left the Bromfield House, he went for his family.

My father soon made us a visit. I should have been glad to have gone to my father's house, and remained a while, but did not think it best to leave the city on any account. While

I can support my family by my business, I shall hope to remain here. The kind assurance which so many persons have given me of their deep sympathy in my late trials, will always endear me to this place, constituted as I am to appreciate kindness, and to cherish the remembrance of true friends. Ah, may these acts of kindness live in my heart, when the memory of ten thousand injuries are buried and forgotten.

While at the Bromfield House, I received every attention and kindness from the lady of the house, that my peculiar situation required. I was there two or three weeks. When I left, my bill for board was given me, as a present. Mrs. H——, has been at my place often, and has had much work done with us. I mention these matters, because I have often been asked if I was turned away from the Bromfield House, if they refused to keep me, &c. There were two persons at that house who proposed to the landlady that I had better not remain there, any time, fearing it might injure their families. The landlady replied, Mrs. K. will stay until a house is provided for her, whether you and your families remain or not. One evening while my brother was at prayer, at the Bromfield House, I heard some one listening at the door. At the close of the services, I opened the door, suddenly, and the listener walked away. It was a brainless fellow, whose name I find it difficult to conceal. It was with him that many of the slanderous reports respecting my conduct at the Bromfield House originated. I would not allude to these things, low as they are, if they were not considered so important by my enemies; and I do not wish any family to be insulted while I am as innocent as the child who calls me mother. I am conscious that I have not at all times acted with that caution and prudence which I might have done, had I been trained in a different school. My enemies, judging me from the dictates of their own hearts, have not given me that credit which I deserve. The noble and generous deeds which have been performed, in my behalf, by some of my friends, are such as they in their grovelling minds can never aspire to or appreciate. I well remember the first kind act bestowed upon me by Mr. Kinney. It was an invitation to accept a seat in Dr. Beecher's meeting house, for the season. No one can judge my feelings of gratitude for that privilege. Could I ever slight a person whose whole demeanor to me had been consistent with the strictest rules of propriety. As to replying to all the

vile gossip in circulation, I spurn the thought. I am content to leave my slanderers, to their own reflections. I hope I may be excused from censure for the public stand I have taken. Nothing but my desire to defend myself, for the sake of those who are dearer to me than life itself—my own children—could have induced me to take this course.

In justice to Mr. Leach, I write to say, that at the time I was arrested, he was a settled clergyman in the State of Maine. His health had for a number of months been failing and he was desirous of coming to this place to see what could be done for me. He left his church, and brought his family to Shutesbury, Mass. He came to Boston in September last, with the intention of remaining until my trial was concluded. In consequence of his being unable to speak in public, he resumed his former profession, that of Dentist. After the trial he moved his family to Boston, and commenced house-keeping.

While at the Bromfield House, I received a number of letters, containing, some ten, and some five dollars. A number of them were from New York, from persons entirely unknown to me. One lady of this city enclosed to me ten dollars. For all this I felt truly grateful. A correct account of all that was received was kept by my brother. From five persons, whose names were unknown, I received \$125. The whole amount received was between \$200 and \$300. My room was fitted up, and my brother mortgaged his horse and carriage to help me to commence business. That property has since been redeemed. And thus have I passed on. For all the generous patronage which has been bestowed upon me, I return my sincere and heartfelt thanks. These expressions of kindness greatly acted to revive my broken and agitated spirits. For all my errors, I hope the veil of charity may be drawn; for all to whom I have alluded, I hope I may also feel a charitable and forgiving spirit. Much has been said and done for want of knowledge which could be obtained only from myself, and from those whose lips are now forever sealed. But, I rejoice that the time will soon come when we shall all meet where darkness and mystery will be removed, and we shall see these things in their true light. Until then, may we exercise that golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

In closing this narrative, I did think of submitting to

the reader a lecture delivered by Mr. Freeman, "On the Proper and Improper Use of the Tongue;" but want of space will compel me to omit it.

At the request of my friends, I attempted this narrative about the first of April. I have given it up, again and again; for want of time and the pressure of business have rendered it impossible for me to express my feelings as readily and as fully as I could desire. I gave it to the publishers just as it is imprinted, in indellible characters, on my heart.

